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EGYPT.

"THE Egyptian papers," according to a statement made by the London Correspondent of one of the chief country papers that support the Government, "have caused 'a very painful impression.' That is not altogether surprising. The hides of Englishmen would have been as tough as that useful and locally appropriate material of which the best courbashes are made if it had been otherwise. The series of Blue and White Books, ranging from 'Egypt 12' to 'Egypt 15,' do something more than justify the Vote of Censure which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH brings on the day after to-morrow, and which Mr. GLADSTONE, to judge from a published letter of his secretary's, is going to meet by 'free comment' on votes of censure in general. This information again is not astonishing, for the damning inference to be drawn from the papers can be met in no other way than by an attempt to bluster the matter out as on a former occasion. Every defence of the Government is gone and ruined beforehand. At the time when they sheltered themselves in Parliament behind the plenipotential mission of General GORDON they were, as it was pretty well known weeks ago and is now proved to demonstration, refusing permission to every step which General GORDON wished to take. The paltry plea that he was sent out on a pacific mission and has changed it for a warlike one is met by equally irrefragable proof that his efforts to accomplish his mission by pacific means were deliberately frustrated. He wished to meet the MAHDI face to face and arrange matters; the Government forbade it. He wished to employ the unquestioned influence of ZOBEIR; the Government forbade it. Neither by negotiation nor by influence, the two only means of pacific arrangement, was he allowed to act. He wished to leave Khartoum for the south; the Government forbade that. He wished for a demonstration from Souakim; the Government refused it. He wished for a demonstration to Berber; the Government refused it. Every avenue of escape, except the disgraceful one which necessitated his abandonment of the agents he had with full approval engaged, was cut off. Every plan, peaceful and hostile, by way of negotiation and by way of demonstration, which he proposed for accomplishing his mission of extricating the garrisons, was negatived. There is no need here to reproduce the indignant words which have long before this time stung every Englishman who has a sense of honour. They were practically anticipated by every one who is likely to feel the sting. Whether the Government accept Sir WILFRID LAWSON's, or Mr. HENEGE's, or Sir A. GORDON's back door of escape, or whether, with the calm consciousness of Mr. WOOLCOMB, they trust to 'having 'all the votes beforehand,' their plight is equally hopeless in argument as in honour. Possibly, by a repetition of the trick of the Souakim expedition, they will announce some ineffectual concession to public feeling sufficient to salve the consciences of the less hardened of their supporters. Some of those supporters have been obliging enough to prepare a way for them in this direction also. There is no need to explore the Paradise of Dirty Devices open to brains fertile in devising and fingers that are not afraid of the contact of dirt. But the Opposition must be in sorry case indeed if the result of the debate—not to speak of the division—is otherwise than decisive in favour of Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's motion.

The first paragraph began with a quotation from a supporter of the Government; the example is quite good

enough to be followed in the second. "In military circles," says the Alexandria Correspondent of the *Daily News*, "it is thought that an extensive Soudan campaign is inevitable 'in the autumn.' Even the intelligence of Radicals will hardly set this anticipation down to the incurable blood-thirstiness and greed of professional advancement which distinguish the British army. Soudan campaigns are not very attractive at present to military men, and are likely to be still less so when the Government decision, that they are wars where no triumphs on the victors wait, and where, after the toughest fight for years, those victors are not worth a vote of thanks, is generally known in the army. That the anticipation, though, like other anticipations, depending on probabilities, is a very reasonable one there is no doubt. That rebellious and victorious savages, especially after such a success as the capture or slaughter of General GORDON would be, are not sensible of the ingenuity or the impregnableness of fancy barriers, may be safely laid down; and the distinction which Mr. GLADSTONE's Government has drawn between Egypt proper and Egypt improper is a purely fancy line. Exactly as the mismanagement of the spring and early summer of 1882 brought about the expedition of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, exactly as the mismanagement and irresolution of the end of last year brought about the expedition of General GRAHAM, so may the mismanagement and irresolution of the last three months be expected to lead to a third expedition, far more difficult and costly, at some time or other. It is rather to be hoped than expected that the parallel will not be completed by the addition of a massacre of Khartoum to the massacre of Alexandria and the massacre of Sinkat. Of course things may fall out differently; but if they do so it will not be due to HER MAJESTY's Government. In November last they could with a minimum of difficulty, and by adopting the course then urged on them (of letting Kordofan and Darfur alone if they liked for the present, but occupying at once the course of the Nile and the coast of the Red Sea) have settled the question. Now time and the chapter of accidents—their only gods, it would seem—can alone save them from doing the same thing in an infinitely more difficult and expensive fashion. They have followed the celebrated opinion of their latest recruit, who joined them under such happy auspices, and have decided that war to-morrow is always better than war to-day. As was naturally to be expected, they have got both. But they will undertake their war to-morrow, in all probability, not with the prestige of Tel-el-Kebir or of Tamasi behind them, but with the accomplished disgrace of Berber and the threatened and indelible disgrace of the loss of the other places mentioned by General GORDON. ROBESPIERRE had at least the grace to be choked by the blood of DANTON. But there is little chance of any parallel accident on Monday. Mr. GLADSTONE is not easily choked, and, if a telegram announcing General GORDON's death were to arrive at four o'clock, it would doubtless find him as certainly, if not as serenely, conscious of his own infallibility as a telegram announcing the submission of all the Soudan to the KHEDIVE.

The history of the Conference preliminaries follows the course of nature and of former history as certainly as the history of the GORDON mission. In France, at least, they take by no means such a rosy view of French adhesion to the English proposals as Mr. GLADSTONE takes, and the preliminary communications which Mr. GLADSTONE half thought might be over on Thursday week are not over now. Only ignorance and impudence his brother will

fail to see in the announced annexation of Sarakhs a Russian commentary on the very aged and excellent proverb that beggars cannot be choosers. Only the same pair of qualities or personifications would be surprised at the truth of the rumour that other Continental nations will take advantage of the meeting to press points—such as quarantine—which are pregnant with trouble for England. The reported answer of Turkey to the invitation indicates new rocks ahead, and it is impossible to discover in Mr. GLADSTONE'S replies any sign of a determination to avoid these rocks. He will not say positively that subjects irrelevant to the invitation are to be excluded from discussion; he will not even say that, if they are included, Great Britain will refuse to discuss them. He is in so cloudy a mind as to the whole matter that he only "conceives" the Powers to have accepted, and says they must construe their own acceptances. All wise statesmen shun Conferences and Congresses for exactly this reason—that they are the opportunity of every Power except that Power whose difficulty makes them necessary. That in France itself abuse has for the moment given way to a kind of plaintive expostulation is not in the least reassuring. For the chiefs of the present English Ministry are men as susceptible to cajolery as they are apparently impervious to reason. The activity of France for the last few months elsewhere has probably been at least as much prompted by the hope that she may have something to offer when a chance comes of regaining the ground lost in Egypt as by anything else. Into her hands, into the hands of Russia, into the hands of every Power which feels either real ill-will and rivalry or a desire to get its own way on points on which English and Continental opinion differs, this ill-omened Conference directly plays.

MORNING SITTINGS.

MINISTERIAL interference with the rights of private members is a grievance which almost exclusively affects the immediate sufferers. It is true that useful measures are sometimes proposed, and on rare occasions carried, by non-official supporters and even by opponents of the Government; but the whole mass of independent legislation is comparatively unimportant. During the present Session the House has repeatedly been counted out on Tuesdays, and Bills and Resolutions introduced on Wednesdays are habitually talked out. The early introduction of morning sittings to be devoted entirely to Government business is nevertheless unpopular in the House. Mr. LOWE, whose instinctive antipathy to pleasant illusions was never repressed through fear of giving offence, sometimes caused irritation by the blunt assertion that time occupied by private members was wholly wasted. Conventional fictions are tenacious of life, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest proposal is not unnaturally resented; but even the most inveterate antagonists of the Ministers admit that it is right to dispose of the Franchise Bill since it has been introduced. There is still less difference of opinion as to the necessity of proceeding with the indispensable business of Supply. The London Municipal Bill is less urgent; but, if urban revolution is inevitable, it matters little whether it is effected this year or next. It will scarcely be possible to carry the more ambitious measure for handing over the administration of rural districts to the nominees of household suffrage. The scheme will necessarily be complicated, and it is idle to pretend that it is demanded by any portion of the community. When no more pressing enterprise stands in the way, the Caucuses will undertake the manipulation of public opinion, as they now agitate in favour of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Bill.

Mr. TREVELYAN'S promise of a scheme to facilitate the sale of Irish lands will be almost immediately redeemed. If it proves to be judicious and equitable, both political parties will be disposed to facilitate its progress; but, unless it involves further spoliation, it will almost certainly be obstructed by the followers of Mr. PARNELL. Mr. GLADSTONE lately reminded the House that a Government nearly the same as the present Administration passed three important measures of primary importance in 1870. Irish Disestablishment, the Ballot, and the existing system of Education all date from that fertile Session; but at that time the Irish conspiracies against freedom of debate had not been organized, and the temper of the House has since changed for the worse. It may be added that the Conservative leader then exercised undisputed authority over the Opposition, and Mr. DISRAELI was never anxious

to prolong a losing game. The Ballot Bill and the Irish Church Bill only involved issues which were simple, though of vital importance, and the Education Bill could scarcely be regarded as a party measure. There were no foreign difficulties to divert attention from domestic affairs. It is not necessary to inquire whether the rapid and easy introduction of great organic changes is in itself desirable. The lists of impending innovations which are from time to time published by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers suggest the inexpediency of removing all impediments to revolutionary and socialistic legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE is at present taking only a preparatory step.

One possible result of the demand for morning sittings in the early part of the Session may be the collapse of another favourite project of Mr. GLADSTONE. It will be difficult to transact important business in the House, if seventy or eighty of the most capable members are at the same time engaged in Standing Committees. Select Committees on private Bills, absorbing another considerable section of the House, are frequently obliged to suspend their proceedings at great inconvenience for the purpose of taking part in divisions; but in their case the only innovation consists in the early introduction of morning sittings. To the device of Grand Committees Mr. GLADSTONE, according to his custom, attached exaggerated importance. It was for the purpose of trying the experiment, and of silencing the Opposition by the votes of the majority, that he held the almost abortive autumnal Session of 1882. The contrivance for closing debate has never yet been applied in practice, though the supporters of the Government constantly assert that the obstruction which it was intended to prevent is more rampant than at any former time. Of two Grand Committees which sat last year, one accomplished its task to the general satisfaction. The Committee on Law found itself unable to produce any result, because its members were not agreed as to the principle of the measures under discussion. All parties asserted or admitted the propriety of repeating the experiment during the present Session; but the conditions of success are narrow, and the popularity of the scheme is already impaired. A devolution of inquiry into the details of a Bill can only be useful if the decision of the Committee is at once accepted by the House. All questions which involve party divisions are therefore unfit for reference to Grand Committees. The opinion of such bodies on the extension of the franchise, on the municipal government of London, or on other political issues, would have no practical value.

If legislation in the absence of large detachments from the main body of the House proves to be seriously inconvenient, members will begin to doubt whether any advance has been made on the old system of Select Committees. Universal experience shows that business is more efficiently transacted by small Boards or Committees than by larger assemblies. A Grand Committee is better qualified to discuss clauses and provisos than the House of Commons; but a competent Select Committee would do the work still more satisfactorily. It may be confidently asserted that the Report of a Grand Committee on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Merchant Shipping Bill will fail to supersede angry debates in the House, unless the Board of Trade and the shipowners previously arrive at some compromise by means of private discussion. The embarrassment which may result from the coincidence of morning sittings with the appointment of Grand Committees might be more readily endured if it were likely to be temporary and exceptional; but the pressure on the House of Commons, and its consequent inability to deal with large measures, have constantly increased since the accession of the present Ministry to office, and are not likely to diminish. Private members have little hope of hereafter recovering the opportunities of which they are now to be deprived. With all its efforts, the Government has carried but a small fraction of the thirty measures which Mr. GLADSTONE denounced his predecessors for postponing. In the next Session Parliament will probably be relieved of the Franchise Bill, and perhaps of the London Government Bill; but redistribution will, as the Ministers themselves contend, be more complicated than the mere extension of household suffrage; and the creation of municipal institutions in all parts of the kingdom will be a less simple task than the abolition of the City Corporation. On the whole, it seems probable that the system of Standing Committees will be abandoned almost before it has been fully tried. New rules of Parliamentary procedure might effect their object, if the impediments which they purport to remove were not the result of permanent causes. Almost any provisions which could

be suggested would be liable to abuse. The rules which render it possible to block Bills, or to talk them out, were designed for the purpose of correcting anomalies which previously existed. It seems to outside observers that it might not be impossible to restrain the license of asking questions for the mere gratification of curiosity, or by way of appeal from some local authority on trivial matters of administration. It is scarcely necessary that the business of the nation should be kept waiting while a Secretary of State explains why a boy was sent to a reformatory for stealing an apple; but the House of Commons has assumed supreme executive powers without providing itself with instruments by which it could exercise its functions. Parliamentary government is more really on its trial than when Prince ALBERT doubted its competence in the conduct of a war.

Comparatively little instruction can be derived from the study of the foreign representative systems which were, without exception, founded on English models. Neither on the Continent nor in America are Parliaments largely occupied with legislation, for occasional constitutional changes are generally intrusted to Assemblies specially elected for the purpose. In Germany Prince BISMARCK has lately found great difficulty in passing economical measures. The French Chamber has within a few years passed some important Bills relating to education and military service; but it is far from sharing the restless appetite of the majority of the House of Commons for innovation. In one main point there is a strong resemblance between the English and French Constitutions. In both countries supreme power, both administrative and legislative, is vested in an elected Assembly; but in England alone among civilized nations can the class which lives on weekly wages be supreme over all other sections of the community. Artisans are more anarchical in their doctrines in France than in England; but in France the owners of land, with their families, form more than half of the whole population. The Constitution which was eventually imitated by almost all the nations of the world contained a large aristocratic element. The Constitution which may be introduced this year or next is totally dissociated from rank, from property, and from education. The Parliamentary difficulties which, among other shapes, take the form of a necessity for morning sittings are perhaps not unmixed evils.

OUR OLD FRIEND CHAUVIN.

FOR some considerable time past the French have been supplying some of us with a tolerably steady source of amusement. The pleasure of being hated and feared is, unhappily, not so keenly felt by Englishmen as it used to be. Some persons of delicate sensibility even think that condition painful; but there is a considerable leaven of the old ADAM left, and, with due encouragement, it may yet again become too strong for the new philanthropic man. If it does not, the fault will not lie with our friends at Paris. Ever since they fell out of the race in Egypt, by trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, they have been favouring us with steady showers of abuse. It ranges all the way from grave rebuke of a statesmanlike kind down to imitations of the silly rubbish written in the days of the First Empire. There has been one short pause. Prince BISMARCK, to gain his mysterious private ends, suddenly growled, and then there was peace for a time. The isolated position of France and the value of the English alliance became favourite texts for leading articles, and Mr. SHAW was hurriedly indemnified. But the sound of Prince BISMARCK's growl died away and nothing came of it. It need not be supposed that all this means very much. Our friends over the water have always imitated and abused us, an apparent contradiction which is exercising the minds of some ingenious gentlemen among them a good deal at present. Still the spectacle is curious and full of instruction from whichever side it is looked at.

A tout seigneur tout honneur; let us take the grave and statesmanlike side first, and let the *République Française*, which is supposed to speak the mind of the French Government on matters of foreign policy, have the word. This journal has lately made the *Saturday Review* a peg whereon to hang a lecture on the folly of our Government in neglecting the friendship of France and destroying the Dual Control of futile memory. We are not concerned to defend Mr. GLADSTONE's Government from the charge of folly. The task is beyond the power of man; but

it is well to ask once in a way, and in plain words, What is meant by the friendship of France? When the French talk about it, they are accustomed to teach by example and point to the Crimea. They are so far right that it was indeed a very striking instance of what a French alliance is in practice. The two countries went through the war in defence of their several interests. Before the struggle was over the Government of NAPOLEON III. began to draw back, and in the Conference at Paris his representatives showed themselves the steady allies of Russia. Passing over the speeches of the Colonels as a mere ebullition of folly, we may ask whether we ought to feel gratitude for being nearly led into the insane Mexican adventure, and for being deserted at the crisis of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. The Republicans who are in the saddle to-day are fond of insisting that the Empire did not represent France, and so they may wish for more modern instances. Their attitude is not particularly logical in this matter, for if the Second Empire was the ignoble adventure they are fond of calling it, we fail to see why they should take up its quarrels. That, however, is a very subordinate affair. Since the Empire disappeared between a foreign enemy and a native mob there has been no change in the methods of French diplomacy. In Egypt and in the Far East it has shown no disposition to consider our interests. From the moment that anything could be got for France its agents have thrown the phantom alliance aside, and avowed open hostility. The will to hurt has been better than the deed, but we know what we have to thank for that. Now of all the floods of nonsense talked in our time, perhaps the most absurd is the gabble about the natural sympathy and kindly feelings which peoples have, or ought to have, or might have for one another. There is no such thing as gratitude or any other amorous affection between nations. They must regulate their conduct by an intelligent regard for their interests, and the nation which is influenced by sudden emotions cannot be relied on from one day to another. Therefore nobody need work himself into a state of moral sublime over the selfishness of France. There are, however, ways and ways of pursuing our interests. Some nations can see that standing steadily to an alliance is one of the best of them all; they can recognize the necessity of compromise; can give up the immediate for the future, and the less for the greater, with good humour. If we do not greatly value the alliance of France, it is because it can never do as they do. For ages past its policy has been directed by personal considerations peculiar to its ruler, or by the blind desire to secure all at any cost. Whoever acts with a French Government must do so with the knowledge that his ally may start from his side at any moment, and will league himself with the enemy of yesterday as soon as he is asked to moderate his claims. Morally that may be neither better nor worse than the conduct of more phlegmatic nations; but it gives a good business reason why the friendship of France is so unstable as to be nearly worthless. Moreover, changes of government make no difference. As it was with LOUIS XV., so it was with the two Empires, and so it is with the Republic.

The world has made many mistakes about the political character of the French. They have been called cynical, cruel, fickle, greedy, and a great number of other bad names; but they have generally been credited with a species of demoniacal cleverness. It would be nearer the truth to say that their sins are the result of sheer childish innocence. It is not the innocence of a very nice kind of child, but rather the natural selfishness of the naughty boy who cannot realize the fact that anybody in the world is entitled to consideration except himself till the fact is borne in upon his mind by stripes. They have an innate incapacity to see that other nations have rights or interests, and therefore they try to ride roughshod over everybody with a quiet conscience. When they cannot they scold, and are unaffectedly amazed at the callous brutality of the self-seeking foreigner. At this moment the very papers which complain of our disregard for the friendship of France with gravity on their outside sheet, publish highly diverting abuse of us inside. The abuse is not diverting because it is funny in itself, for it is the common fate of Frenchmen to become dull as soon as they take to scolding England, but because it is so obviously sincere and so delightfully destitute of any sense of humour or dignity. These gentlemen, journalists and novelists, are apparently furious at the insolent prosperity of this country, and so unpack their hearts with words and fall a cursing. The diplomatic *République Française* takes its cue from M. CAMILLE

DEBANS, who used to be amusing till he took to inarticulate raving against England. It wants to know why France, in spite of centuries of ill-usage, is still afflicted with a persistent Anglomania. This diseased taste for imitating the foreigner is an old French malady, according to the *République*. After Rossbach the Prussian hat was worn at Paris—a sign of the amiable weakness of France for being kind to such as use her ill. The Prussian hat disappeared, but Anglomania remained and remains. These curious patriots are not very consistent. After complaining of the enduring hatred of England, and comparing it unfavourably with the kindly affection of France, they suddenly discover that Anglomania is a disease of the idle classes. It has never been shared by the mass of the nation. The *nouvelles couches* retain their healthy sentiments and hate the secular enemy. As for the mystery that puzzles these gentlemen we think we can explain it. We will answer them according to their folly at the risk of being like unto them. The explanation is to be found in that little sentence about the result of Rossbach. When France has been well beaten by somebody it copies his hat, and when the operation has been repeated it copies his coat too. Now there have been a good many battles of Rossbach by land and sea between us and our thinskinners. The moral is obvious. If you want to go your way in this world untroubled by France, do not make alliances with it; they will assuredly put you shortly in the dilemma of quarrelling or yielding up your interests under stress of bullying. Make your mind up clearly as to what it is you are aiming at, take all the forces at work into consideration, trust in God, and keep your powder dry. So shall you be free from a very harassing partner; and journalists may lecture and novelists may rave, but it will not avail. At the end of it all, too, France will imitate you from hat to boot, and respect you infinitely.

THE PEERS ON THE LUNACY LAWS.

AMID the storm and stress of party politics a very interesting and important little debate took place on Monday night in the House of Lords. The discussion was a model one in its way. Those who engaged in it were few, but they almost all spoke with authority, and thoroughly understood the subject with which they had to deal. Lord SHAFTESBURY, as the head of the Lunacy Commission, presented the official view of the conditions under which people may be confined as insane. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who is known to be personally much interested in the question, and has had judicial experience of the manner in which the Lunacy Acts work, contributed some valuable reminiscences and weighty suggestions. The LORD CHANCELLOR, whose acquaintance with all branches of English law is intimate, and who is the official guardian of lunatics, spoke for the Government, and promised rather vaguely that something should be done. But the speech of the evening was undoubtedly Lord SALISBURY'S. The leader of the Opposition pointed out with admirable lucidity exactly what were the faults of the present system, and laid down with perfect accuracy the principles on which reform should be carried out. The significance of the debate, or rather conversation, cannot be estimated solely by the practical result to which it led. When the present or some future Administration comes to frame a comprehensive measure, it will, no doubt, find that a resolve to "do something" is a very adequate guide to the determination of what ought to be done. But it is well worth while to have shown beyond the possibility of contradiction that the existing system is both theoretically indefensible and practically mischievous. Whatever else may be said of Mrs. WELDON and her proceedings, it must be admitted that the action which she brought against Dr. FORBES WINSLOW has been of immense benefit to the public. Baron HUDDLESTON, in the course of the trial, made remarks which excited general attention; and, whether he was right or wrong in his law, talked a good deal of sound sense. Mr. Justice MANISTY, in giving judgment for a re-hearing of the case, spoke still more strongly, and attracted even greater notice. Lord MILLTOWN, who introduced the subject in the House of Lords, avowedly based his motion upon the facts brought out in *WELDON v. WINSLOW*. That motion, having served its purpose by the debate which it raised, was eventually withdrawn; but most people will agree with Lord MILLTOWN in thinking that "the existing state of the

"Lunacy laws is eminently unsatisfactory, and constitutes a serious danger to the liberty of the subject." The latter phrase is one very apt to be abused. But, if it has any meaning at all, it is surely applicable to the risk which we all run of being put into asylums by relatives or friends to whom our freedom or presence is inconvenient.

Those who wish to reform the Lunacy laws have one great advantage. The law is not in this instance, as in so many others, a mass of involution, cross-reference, and complexity. It is substantially contained in two Acts of Parliament passed respectively in 1845 and 1853. Lunatics are by these statutes treated differently, according as they are or are not paupers. As nobody not responsible for his maintenance is likely to care much about getting a pauper shut up, the Legislature has provided that in his case, and in his case only, the assent of two magistrates must be obtained. The relatives of a wealthy man, who may perhaps think that they can manage his property much better than he can himself, have only to procure the certificate of two doctors, and when once consigned to an asylum, the lunatic cannot be released without the sanction of those who sent him there or the Lunacy Commissioners. This is really monstrous. Lord SHAFTESBURY, who speaks with all the combined force of personal character and official position, seems to us to have misconceived the nature of the arguments which he had to meet. His speech was, if we may say so without disrespect, an illustration of the fallacy known as *ignoratio elenchi*. Lord MILLTOWN contended that the law afforded no guarantee against the confinement of sane persons. Lord SHAFTESBURY replied that the inmates of asylums were no longer starved, beaten, or put in irons. This is most satisfactory. But it is not the point. Probably most of those who would set the law in motion on insufficient grounds have no desire to inflict unnecessary cruelty. Their object being served by the incarceration of the objectionable relative, they might be perfectly willing that he should have every indulgence short of the liberty to which he has a right. Lord COLERIDGE described the manner in which the law, lax as it is, is often evaded, and referred to the case of *NOWELL v. WILLIAMS*, which he tried himself. There the lunatic, about whose insanity there really was very little doubt, was at first arrested on the certificates of doctors who were interested in the asylum where he was to be confined. This proving to be illegal, he was formally discharged from custody, and rearrested ten minutes afterwards on a fresh order. Even more scandalous subterfuges have been exposed. The Act says that a separate examination must be made by each of two medical men. But two doctors have been known to visit the house together at the instance of the same person, and to examine the alleged lunatic "separately" in the sense that one waited outside the room, and went in when the other came out.

Lord SALISBURY justly observed that Lord COLERIDGE'S remarks should of themselves be fatal to the existing Lunacy laws. The two great dangers of the system arise, as Lord SALISBURY says, from the cupidity of relations and from the rapacity of mad-doctors. With the former point we have already dealt. The latter ought not, of course, to be exaggerated. We have not the slightest doubt that most owners of private asylums are highly honourable men. But laws are, or ought to be, made on the assumption that every man is not always perfectly honest and upright. Otherwise they would not be required. The temptation to retard the recovery of rich, and therefore lucrative, patients cannot be overlooked, especially since, as Lord COLERIDGE observed, cures of lunatics do not, for obvious reasons, become notorious, and act as an advertisement. "Any person," said Lord SALISBURY, in words which deserve to be remembered, "any person, no matter how deep an interest he may have in shutting you up, has a right to take any two doctors he can find, no matter how obscure, and get an order to shut you up." Nor will the language in which Lord SALISBURY referred to the so-called security of inspection by the Lunacy Commissioners meet with less acceptance. "The older guardians of English liberty," he said, "would have been startled had they been told that a man's liberty was entirely dependent on the vigilance of a department." Publicity is the great safeguard and the real remedy. The sort of investigation which was held in Mr. SCOTT'S case would probably satisfy every one. At present there is a vast deal too much of what may be called the hole-and-corner element. It may be very painful for the rest of the family that the insanity of one of its members should be generally known. But that is an

infinitely smaller evil than the serious risk which certainly exists now of shutting up sane people in madhouses. A more ghastly fate can scarcely be imagined, nor could any more efficacious mode of making a man that which he is declared to have become be devised. Recent examples seem to show that escape from lunatic asylums is tolerably easy. But two wrongs do not make a right. The improper confinement of the sane is scarcely redeemed by the improper escape of the mad.

THE ANNEXATION OF SARAKHS.

LORD GRANVILLE and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE are concerned but ignorant about Sarakhs. Their concern does them credit, but will, it is to be hoped, be converted into something more active. Their ignorance does not do them credit; but it would, perhaps, be over-sanguine to hope that the blind eye which has so long been turned in this particular direction will suddenly become a seeing one. The reported annexation of the place will surprise no one who has understood the history of the subject, or who apprehends the advantages which the deplorable mismanagement of Egypt by the present English Government has given to the enemies of England. But at the same time the report, and still more the fact if correctly reported, gives Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues yet another of the chances of which they have enjoyed so many, and thrown away all but one. It is pretty certain that Russia, on the eve of negotiating a great loan and especially desirous of quiet, is not at this moment inclined for war, and the annexation of Sarakhs, if not directly made a *casus belli*, would, in the hands of any capable Minister at the Foreign Office, be made, as probably nothing hereafter can be made, the occasion of a definite understanding as to the Southern frontier of Russia in Central Asia. It has been acknowledged by politicians of all shades in England, except the mere fanatics of non-intervention, that the question of delimitation between Asiatic Russia and Khorassan, no less than the question of delimitation between Asiatic Russia and Afghanistan, is one in which England must have a voice. And in both those questions (for it affects them both) there is no point of greater importance than the possession of Sarakhs. This has been admitted by the Duke of ARGYLL, who used to laugh Mervousness to scorn; it has been admitted over and over again by those who excused inaction in the matter of Russian advances through the desert; it is corroborated by the unanimous opinion of every military traveller, of every authority in military geography, who has visited or studied the region for years past.

The peculiar importance of Sarakhs does not lie in the fact of its being a very strong place, or being rich and populous, or being the headquarters of warlike tribes, for it is none of the three. It lies in the fact that whosoever possesses it, so to speak, gathers up in his hand all the routes to India from the North-West. With the preceding occupation of the Akhal Tekke country, the rectifications of the Persian frontier which have already been made, and the occupation of Merv, the annexation of Sarakhs makes Russia independent altogether of even the connivance of Persia at an Indian campaign, and enables her to extend the line of railway which already pierces the country east of the Caspian to the actual frontier of Afghanistan, from which Sarakhs itself is but a few miles distant and which its district touches. As arranged two or three years ago, the Russo-Persian frontier left a solid block of Persian territory more than a hundred miles long in the way of this communication; the Russian occupation of Sarakhs would do away partially, if not entirely, with that block, and give a straight road, all Russian, all passable easily, and the greater part of it well supplied, from the Caspian to the Afghan frontier. Not only this, but Sarakhs would give Russia a new and firmer hold on the most populous and fertile part of Khorassan, and would more than ever make Persia her vassal. The apologists of inaction in respect of Russian advance would find their last rugged mountain, their last thirsty desert, vanished. From Sarakhs to Herat is two days' journey for a not very expert tricyclist; five or six days' walk for a moderately well-girt man. There are no difficulties in the way whatever. At the same time, except as a basis for aggressive movements, the place is of no value to Russia, and there is no conceivable reason why she should occupy it except as such a basis. All beyond and round is Afghan or Persian, and the excuse of masterless tribes who molest Russian territory becomes inapplicable. If Russia is

molested she can appeal to Teheran or to London; whereas, according to her own account, if she was molested from Akhal or from Merv she could appeal to nobody. For every reason, therefore, an English Ministry is entitled to have a voice in this alleged reconstruction of frontier, and if the present Ministry fails to make its voice heard, it can only be either that it has gagged itself by the exigencies of the Egyptian Conference, or that it is too half-hearted and too indifferent to care to speak at the proper pitch. Unfortunately the conduct of Ministers in the matter of Merv does not inspire very great confidence as to their conduct in this very much more important matter. Regrets, expressions of concern, hints that it is really too bad of Russia, hopes that there is more than one Sarakhs and that Russia may have taken the right one, and the like will do no good whatever. A distinct thus far and no further, with a clear intimation of the alternative, is the only course that can possibly be satisfactory in the end.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.

A SHORT time ago a question was raised in the House of Commons as to a circular sent round by the Chelsea Liberal Association to many voters in that borough suggesting that the expenses of the next election should not be borne by the candidates, but by the voluntary contributions of their supporters. This circular we herewith publish. It is marked, somewhat absurdly, "Private and confidential." Communications which are intended to be private and confidential are not lithographed and widely disseminated, nor are they sent to persons, as has happened in this case, whose political opinions, if known at all to the Chelsea Liberal Association, must be known to be those of sturdy Conservatives. The matter, too, has been already made public in Parliament. The proposal itself can only be regarded, as said in the circular, to be equally honourable to the members in question and to their constituents. It is a good and a pleasant thing to see even Radical brethren working together in unity, when the objects of their united action happen not to be mischievous to the country. The good understanding between givers and receivers in this case, and others like it, shown to exist is one which we should be glad to see commoner than it is. It is a plain proof that a candidate has the confidence of his supporters when they spontaneously offer to pay his expenses. We here publish the circular:—

Offices of the Borough of Chelsea Liberal Association,
Private and Confidential, 84 Gloucester Road, S.W.:

March 21st, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Immediately after the re-election of Sir Charles Dilke in January 1883, a proposal was made by one of the speakers at the great meeting in Kensington Town Hall, that at the next General Election the Liberals of Chelsea should return the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Firth free of expense.

It was felt that such a recognition of their services would be as much an honour to the borough as a compliment to our representatives. Several gentlemen have already expressed their willingness to subscribe to a fund for this purpose.

Under the Corrupt Practices Act the election expenses for the two candidates would amount to about 2,000*l.*, and as it is quite possible that a General Election may take place at any time during the current year, preparations should be made without delay to establish the proposed fund.

This circular is therefore sent to secure your active support for the success of the project, and we trust you will kindly co-operate by allowing us to use your name as one of the Committee for the fund, and by filling up the enclosed form, and returning the same to the treasurers, so that your name may appear in the first list of subscriptions.

We are, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,

This communication is followed by the signatures of some forty persons more or less known in the borough of Chelsea. Now there are two things which we desire, when the next General Election comes, to see happen in that borough. First, that the gentlemen whose names are appended to the circular will pay the expenses of the candidates; because it is always pleasant to see such kindly things done. And, next, that the candidates themselves will be rejected. Of the two members for Chelsea, Sir CHARLES DILKE has made himself a name, notwithstanding youthful political indiscretions for which he was severely punished in the House of Commons by Mr. GLADSTONE, and to which we need not further refer, as an able and careful administrator; and has also won favour among many of all parties, who think the British Empire a matter of some importance (at least to Englishmen), by the suspicion which is held in some quarters that he is a Jingo in disguise. The other member, Mr. FIRTH, enjoys the advantage of being Sir CHARLES DILKE's colleague, and has the use of his influence. The Chelsea election, like the Birmingham election, is for these

reasons so important that even an honourable defeat, even a considerably increased minority, would be almost equivalent in public opinion to a victory. Birmingham is under the charge of a Conservative candidate (also, like Sir CHARLES DILKE, not free from youthful indiscretions) who has gone a good way in winning over the "fierce democracy" to his side. The opponents of Radicalism in the birthplace of the Caucus are now alert and alive; but are they so, or are they so to anything like the same extent, in other parts of the country? Are they sufficiently appealing to, and using, the Conservative feeling which is rooted among the masses of the English people?

Let us, having taken Chelsea as our text, make one or two remarks, founded on inquiries which we have made on this subject. The Conservatives in that borough, the importance of which just now in electoral strategy is great, constantly receive notices to join Liberal Associations, to take part in Liberal gatherings, and not a few of them are honoured by lithographed invitations, in the handwriting of the leading member for the borough, to become a member of his Committee. We have nothing whatever to say against these measures, which in fact are as blameless as they are politic. No doubt some foolish Conservative fish have been caught in this net. No doubt many of the large class who are nothing in particular, as far as politics go, till they are urged and solicited and flattered, are led to give a vote where, if they thought twice, or had the opposite view fairly laid before them, they would have voted on the other side. But the fault in such cases lies with those who do not give them the opportunity of hearing more than one side to the question. Now it is believed that there are many persons in Chelsea of a Conservative frame of mind who suffer from chronic circularization at the hands of the Liberal Committee, but who never find out, except by accident, that there exists a corresponding organization among their own party. This is the more severely to be blamed because the Conservative party is responsible for our present enlarged constituencies. It is worse than folly first to enfranchise a large class only imperfectly informed on political questions, and then to leave the training and guidance of this class in the hands of opponents. What happens in the borough to which we have referred happens also in many parts of the country. A Conservative feeling exists; but no one is at hand to organize it, lead it, and make it effective. It is obvious, then, when the opposite party is organized on a popular basis, the Conservative party must put before itself one of two alternatives—either to do the same, or to fight its battle on an anti-popular basis. Now we are satisfied that neither Lord BEACONSFIELD, who gave to English Conservatism its new character, nor the present leaders of the party, have any desire to choose the latter alternative. We are equally satisfied that nobody who knows anything of the classes whom Lord BEACONSFIELD enfranchised can doubt that there exists among them plenty of Conservative feeling. Witness the artisan constituencies which persist in returning Tory members to Parliament. The difference between what is called the Caucus and those Conservative organizations which ought to be as active and alert in every constituency in the country as those of their antagonists lies far less in the form than in the spirit. One point to be insisted on is that the member of Parliament must be looked upon as a representative and not as a delegate; that he shall have reasonable freedom in all non-essential matters, and in these shall be entitled and expected to follow his own judgment. The evil of all careful organization is that it tends to cast opinion into one uniform mould, and often tends unduly to throw power into the hands of a single man or a single clique. But both evils can be avoided if they are kept clearly in sight in framing the organization, and if the principle of "give and take" is practically recognized in conducting it. The Liberal party has been beforehand in recognizing the force that lies in a good organization, and in one, if we may use the expression, that can be promptly mobilized. But they have made the mistake of so conducting it that men of honour and spirit more and more shrink from becoming its obedient servants. But a good cause ill organized will fail when a bad one well organized will win. It was once truly said by Mr. BRIGHAM that a general election was not won or lost at the last minute; it was won or lost months before. This is precisely the fact that Conservatives must now keep steadily before their minds, if they wish to regain command of the government of the country, or even to exercise any usefully restraining influence on it.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE Republican Convention will meet at Chicago in June and the Democratic Convention in July. The preparations for a Presidential election have seldom caused so little excitement. The only political issue of importance, relating to the maintenance or modification of the tariff, is commonly evaded by the managers on both sides. A candidate who was supposed to favour revision would lose many votes; and it is not certain that he would obtain any countervailing advantage. As a rule, the Democratic party is the less hostile to Free-trade; but it has for some years past made no use of its majority in the House of Representatives to give effect to its convictions, and the MORRISON Bill for the reduction of that tariff has at last been rejected. It is indeed said that the movement will be continued in another form; but a majority formed from both parties is practically decisive. Some Democratic leaders in Massachusetts have lately summoned a meeting of the party to affirm the proposition that indirect taxation ought to be raised with exclusive regard to the interests of the revenue; but, unless public opinion in the State has greatly changed, the promoters of the movement will be accused of dividing the party. It is possible that a transverse schism may be caused by the nomination of General BUTLER as the Greenback candidate. If he had been re-elected as Governor, he would probably have received the votes of the Democratic section of his late constituents. The defeat which rendered him practically ineligible for the Presidency may perhaps not have alienated all his former supporters. The little party which has now selected him as leader has no considerable weight either in Massachusetts or in the Union. It would be the absurdest of all dishonest courses to repudiate the debt by discharging it in paper money created for the purpose, at a time when the greenback notes actually in circulation are at par, and when the chief financial difficulty of the Federal Treasury is to dispose of an enormous surplus revenue. Sooner or later the plethora of wealth will be relieved by a reduction of Customs duties and of internal taxes.

On the eve of a periodical trial of strength which is traditionally supposed to possess vital importance, controversy between the two great parties is almost wholly suspended. In the course of the summer the campaign, as it is called, will be conducted by itinerant orators who will probably find some material for their speeches; but at present the interest of the approaching nominations entirely predominates over solicitude for the final victory in September. The moderate excitement of the party contest survives from a time when great questions of policy depended on the Presidential election. The long list of Democratic Presidents which closed with Mr. BUCHANAN has for four-and-twenty years been followed by a succession of Republican administrators, with a social and political revolution interposed between the two series. The only Democratic candidate who has been elected since the Civil War was defrauded of the fruits of his success; but even in 1876 the wrongful accession of the Republican President had no permanent result. The distinction of parties has now become almost unmeaning, and when the Republicans are hereafter converted to sound economical doctrines, either the rival organizations will be dissolved, or some new ground of contest must be discovered. In the meantime party tactics and personal preferences tend to supersede differences of political opinion. The change which has taken place is perhaps not to be regretted. Party government, though it has hitherto been thought inseparable from representative systems, scarcely attains to ideal perfection. In England its operation has of late years been almost wholly mischievous; and the apparent decay of party conflict in the United States may not prove to be an unmixed evil. The inability of universal suffrage to dispense with professional managers seems to serve as a partial corrective of its dangerous tendencies. It is true that the modern English Caucus has been employed almost wholly for factious purposes, with the result of irritating and aggravating political animosities. The American "machine," as it is called, is worked in a more dispassionate spirit.

It is possible that, when the election approaches, the party leaders and orators may begin to extol the qualities of the nominees who will have been chosen. For the moment they scarcely think it worth while to praise their friends, or even to attack their opponents. The manipulation of enormous numbers of votes is a complicated operation, to be conducted only by technical and almost scientific methods.

Republican and Democratic journalists recommend the selection of delegates to State and National Conventions, and of nominees at Chicago, almost solely on the ground that their respective favourites will unite the party and command support more effectually than their competitors. Few foreigners succeed in comprehending the various considerations which ought to influence a choice. They only see that electors are urged to reject Mr. ARTHUR or Mr. BLAINE because, in the opinion of the speaker or writer, he will not be equally likely with some other candidate to secure the votes of the State of New York. Incidentally Mr. ARTHUR is accused of using the Federal patronage to promote his own candidature; and dark hints are thrown out as to Mr. BLAINE's private history; but no serious stress is laid on such irrelevant disqualifications. It is generally admitted that Mr. ARTHUR, succeeding by accident to the Presidency, has discharged the duties of the office with credit and success; and the liberality and good taste with which he has performed his hospitable functions is not forgotten. Before the last election he was principally known as a skilful party manager or wire-puller. In concert with Mr. CONKLING, he was a principal supporter of General GRANT; and, when the attempt failed, he was rewarded for his services by election to the Vice-Presidency. It is not impossible that in the present contest he may have availed himself of the skill acquired by experience. While he has judiciously acquiesced in the laws which have been passed in late years for the reform of the Civil Service, the PRESIDENT has not failed to use for political purposes his large remaining patronage. He probably incurs little risk through the imputation that he has not discontinued the apportionment of the spoils to the victors. The impression that a candidate will, if he is elected, reward his supporters is not always detrimental to his prospects. Purists who hesitate to approve of such practices cannot but reflect that Mr. BLAINE, if he had been President, would have followed similar courses.

It is said that the Republicans in the Southern States will almost unanimously support Mr. ARTHUR; but at the date of the last accounts Mr. BLAINE commanded a majority of those delegates who had either received positive instructions or had publicly announced their own intentions. Mr. ARTHUR came next in order; and Mr. EDMUNDS was the only remaining candidate who had obtained any considerable support. It is well known that the preliminary preferences of the delegates often fail to indicate the result of the contest. In 1880 General GRANT began with a majority; and the names of General GARFIELD and Mr. ARTHUR, who were both active partisans of GRANT, had not been mentioned till the work of the Convention was far advanced. It is known that Mr. BLAINE will not be nominated on the first ballot; and in subsequent stages of the election delegates are at liberty to transfer their votes to the candidate of their second or third choice. The striking resemblance between the election of a Pope by the Cardinals in Conclave and the nomination of a party candidate for the American Presidency has often attracted notice. The vicissitudes, the surprises, and the prejudice against the most prominent aspirants are similar, because they proceed in some degree from the same causes. Mr. BLAINE's turbulent and aggressive policy when he was Secretary of State under General GARFIELD may probably have rendered him popular with some classes of the community; but his removal by Mr. ARTHUR seemed to produce little feeling of regret. It is strange that Mr. BLAINE's former rival, Mr. CONKLING, has never been mentioned as a candidate. If he takes any part in the present contest, he will probably use his influence in favour of Mr. ARTHUR; but conjectures made without intimate knowledge of the characters and mutual relations of American politicians can only be formed with hesitation. Mr. EDMUNDS, who seems to be a highly respectable candidate, may perhaps also be supported on the ground of his negative qualifications. He is not known as an active party leader, and he may therefore be less exposed to jealousy than Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. BLAINE. Mr. ROBERT LINCOLN has, in addition to his hereditary claims on the good will of the Republican party, held for two or three years the place of Secretary of War without discredit. Having been included in many lists as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he may possibly be nominated for the higher office.

The Democratic managers have postponed their National Convention to July, and they seem disposed to defer the State Conventions as long as possible. Their object is probably to take advantage of any unpopular decision as to

principles or persons when their antagonists have shown their hand at an earlier date. If Mr. ARTHUR should be nominated by the Republicans, the adverse party will take advantage of the prejudice against second terms of office; and Mr. BLAINE's foreign policy would furnish just or plausible grounds of attack. If political managers in America were inconveniently sensitive, they might sometimes find themselves hampered during the Presidential contest by the opinions which they have expressed in a previous stage on the merits and prospects of candidates for nomination; but the ceremony with which a Convention usually concludes its labours accurately represents the policy and conduct of either party. As soon as a candidate has obtained the necessary majority, the Convention, on the motion of one of his former opponents, votes that the choice shall be unanimous. From that moment every member of the party is bound to vote for the nominee, and to repel on occasion any objection which may be made to his claims. The large section of the Republican party which now denies that it will be possible to secure the election of Mr. ARTHUR will, if he succeeds in the Convention, resent any future imputation on his merits. It will hardly be worth the while of Democratic orators to remind the opposite party of inconsistencies which may probably be common to both sides. Their own choice of a candidate will, perhaps, remain obscure till the eve of the Convention in July. Up to the present time Mr. TILDEN has been more often mentioned than any competitor. The pretensions of General HANCOCK, who was defeated at the last election, have not been revived. The party would, perhaps, gratify a natural feeling if it could elect the candidate who was defrauded of his rights in 1876. Mr. TILDEN himself, though he is advanced in life, is still vigorous and active, and his political opinions are believed to be moderate. Foolish and insincere charges against his personal character have not lately been repeated, probably because they produced no effect in the former contest. It may nevertheless be thought prudent to entrust the fortunes of the party to a younger candidate.

DEBATES ON THE ARMY.

THE House of Commons has been kindly patted on the back by superior persons for its good behaviour on Monday night. It agreed to a number of army votes without an altogether inordinate amount of talk. For this feat it is considered as entitled to much thanks. Whether the work was properly done, and the many difficulties that have still to be overcome before our army can be said to be in a decent condition were honestly faced, is apparently thought a matter of very minor importance. In view of the general character of debates on the army, this Christian disposition to be thankful for small mercies is at least pardonable. They all proceed on well-known lines. Every member who has a fad gives it an airing, and purely personal matters are discussed at length. Loose threads and slipped stitches are pointed out with care and precision. Something is said about the zeal of our officers and the native valour of Britons. In the course of the evening the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR shows himself open to persuasion that this or the other thing needs looking into, and promises to give it his best attention. The votes are agreed to, and progress is reported. Then the House turns to other business, after having talked about and settled everything except the essential. This was the result of the Committee's labours on Monday. It was employed for a good part of its time on a class of questions of which Mr. BIGGAR gave an excellent example. He wanted to know whether the War Office meant to do anything about the case of a major in the Antrim militia who planned a practical joke on somebody eleven years ago. This was a highly absurd example of the activity of members; but it differed mainly by being smaller and more Irish from Mr. DAWNAY's long speech on the working of the Medical Department with the field force in the Egyptian campaign. It is, of course, of the first importance that field hospitals should be kept in a satisfactory state; and Parliament would be well employed in thoroughly investigating that part of what is called our army organization. But that was not what Mr. DAWNAY did. He confined himself to inquiring whether the doctors actually did or did not neglect their duty. Now that question has been adequately sifted by a Committee already. We know, and have known for some time, that the blame for the failure of the Medical Depart-

ment in Egypt rests on the red-tape and stupidity of the War Office. The names of the officers were only brought in because a certain reforming General thought it consistent with sound discipline to scold his subordinates for not obeying the orders of the War Office. It is the common fate of discussions on army questions to be frittered away into wrangles as to the good or bad behaviour of A., B., or C. in this fashion.

This way of doing the work of the nation is so convenient when difficulties are great and the only possible remedy is disagreeable, that we are not likely to see the last of it under the present dispensation. What the real condition of the army is we can learn from the complacent statements of apologists. It contrives to get along without absolutely disappearing. Since Lord HARTINGTON corrected the mistake of Mr. CHILDERS, who in the innocence of his heart tried to get grown men for the ranks, recruits have begun to come in again. Thirty-three thousand have been enrolled last year, and their sufficiency is proved by the fact that only a minority of our soldiers are less than five feet four inches high and thirty-three inches round the chest. Lord HARTINGTON's timely measure has therefore saved the army. Thanks to it, we have to submit to nothing worse than "the skeleton battalions, diminutive youths, and the other incidental blemishes," as the *Times* calls them, with which we are already familiar. According to our modest standard, that is enough; and all is well as long as the skeleton battalions do not tumble into disjointed fragments of bone. Mr. O. MORGAN is prepared to show that fewer crimes are committed by soldiers—at least, there have been fewer courts-martial and fewer charges of drunkenness. We need not inquire—indeed, as the necessary information is withheld, inquiry would be useless—whether this apparent improvement is not largely due to the discouragement of courts-martial by the Horse Guards. It may, however, well be the case that an army largely recruited by weakly boys is comparatively free from violent offences. Neither is a more sparing use of the court-martial necessarily a sign of weaker discipline. If the colonel of a battalion is armed with power to inflict summary punishment and uses it, a trial can well be dispensed with in the case of many small pieces of misconduct. But all this parade of the thirty-three thousand recruits—mostly under five feet four—and of the improvement in the moral tone of the army is beside the question. Even if men enough to fill the ranks are coming forward, and they do desert or get drunk less, it does not follow that the army is in a satisfactory state. It is tolerably certain for one thing that more than thirty-three thousand men must be found if the force is to be kept at its proper strength without sacrificing the first reserve. Fifty thousand would be nearer the number required. Then the still more important question of quality is left out of sight in the midst of all this jungle of statistics. What should be steadily kept in view is whether this country is adequately defended by a home army of "skeleton battalions" filled by "diminutive youths," and covered all over with "incidental blemishes," as they are impudently called. That, however, is just the one consideration which is habitually burked in the House of Commons.

The Reserves are as feebly handled as the standing army. There was some talk last Monday of a general discussion to be held on the condition of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Matter to discuss is certainly not wanting; but, if it is to be treated after the example set at the end of the debate on Monday, it would be a distinct saving of time to leave the whole thing alone. A number of questions were asked then, and answered in the traditional style of the War Office. Several members pointed out that there is a growing difficulty in getting, not only men, but even officers, for the Militia. The usual explanation was forthcoming. In a fit of cheeseparing economy the bounty formerly given has been first reduced and then cut off. The Government, having to hire its men in the market, thought it wise and businesslike to refuse to pay. When his attention is called to the inevitable result, the SECRETARY can only say that he will see, he will look into it, and perhaps something may be done, but that he is not prepared to propose any vote at present. The Volunteers are disposed of in the same fashion. After years of steady work, undertaken from pure desire to do something useful, the force has been brought by its own exertions, and in spite of the neglect of the War Office, into a decent state of efficiency. As it has given these guarantees of its solidity and good will, there would seem to be plausible reasons for treating

it as if it formed a serious part of the defences of the country. What really is done is to leave it without a single field-piece, with no organized medical service, no commissariat, and no transport. It is armed with the antiquated weapon, commonly known as the gas-pipe, a good enough rifle in its day, but nearly as much out of date as the Brown Bess. Most of the men have no great-coats, the regimental depôts, as far as there are any, are commonly out of the regiment's district, practical musketry drill is sacrificed to "pot-hunting," and when the men get any camp practice, a large part of the necessary expense is thrown on the officers. Nobody, not even Lord HARTINGTON, denies these things, but he, in common with his predecessors, does not think it any part of the duty of a responsible Minister to try and remedy them. He falls back on the stock formulas. He will look into it; there are many things to be remedied, and perhaps something may be done, but he is not prepared to propose a vote. In the long run we always come back to the difficulty of proposing a vote. It is, from the point of view of a sensible Minister, incomparably better to spend sixteen millions on an inefficient force than seventeen on a good one. A Secretary of State for War may have recourse to all sorts of makeshifts; he may fill the ranks with boys to feed the Reserve, and deplete the Reserve to keep the army from vanishing; he may neglect the Militia, and leave the Volunteers a mass of disorganized, ill-armed men; but he must not ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to add to the Budget. The fault does not rest wholly, or even mainly, with the Minister. After all, he must please the House and keep a watchful eye on the constituencies. The House shares his notions of army management; and, as the constituencies are too busy about their affairs to get into a panic, and are conscious, moreover, that we have just beaten OSMAN DICNA, the army can be left to rub along. When forty battalions or so of the home army have not a man to show among them except the officers, and we are suddenly called upon to take part in a big war, then perhaps we shall set seriously to work. The awkward thing is that it will be a little late.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

WHATEVER may be his talents in other respects, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has one power developed to an unusual extent, that of getting himself talked about; and what is more remarkable, he succeeds in getting himself talked about seriously. Now we are far from asserting that he is not an able man; on the contrary, it is clear that he is possessed of abilities of a high order. Why, then, does he delight in stirring up strife? Why cannot he wait patiently till his turn comes in the natural course of events to be one of the leaders of his party? The only unfriendly answer possible to these questions is that he must distrust his own cleverness, and that he fears that, unless he blows his own trumpet both often and loud, he will be passed over and forgotten. It may be that he has not solidity enough to stand the test of genuine political work, and he is most clearly wanting in elementary tact. But still it may be urged on the other hand that, in spite of the brilliancy of the exterior, there are sufficient sound mental and moral qualities to make him of use to his party in the future; and it may possibly be found, to the annoyance of those Radicals who have exulted in his frowardness, that he himself is of the same opinion.

Disagreement amongst those who ought to work together in harmony is always unpleasant, and it becomes particularly so when it is made the theme of public discussion. The present incident has been not less unpleasant than is usual in such cases; but it is not easy to see why so much importance has been attached to it, except for the love of scandal. In such cases as this, too, exaggerated implications, if not unfounded assertions, are certain to find their place in the mass of correspondence which grows up around the original difficulty. But there is one thing that seemed clear amongst the tangle of insignificant statements and counter-statements which have formed the correspondence of the last few days—namely, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been fighting a battle for himself, for his own personal aims, and for the satisfaction of his own individual ambition. This need not by any means imply that he has not in a general way, and perhaps even ardently, desired the success of his party. But his own success has been always nearer to his heart. It was scarcely conceivable that a man with

any true conception of party loyalty could have published such a letter as appeared on Wednesday, or written such a letter to his leader as was indiscreetly printed beneath it. And, although it would be unfair to accuse him of wilful misstatement, yet to the ordinary reader there are certainly some passages in the first letter (which he did intend for the public) which would give a false impression of the facts without the second letter (which he did not expect the public to see). His indignation is very great, for instance, when he is accused of having called the National Union of Conservatives a caucus; but in the letter to Lord SALISBURY he carefully describes it by that name. Again, he states that the letter to Lord SALISBURY (which need not be characterized) was approved by a majority of the Council; whereas it now appears that the letter was only communicated to the Council after it had been sent, and that it was minuted in order that the correspondence might be preserved for future discussion. If, however, there could be any doubt after the publication of these letters that the smooth working of the party had been forgotten by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, it would be demonstrated by the fact that the immediate occasion of his resignation was the adoption by the Council of the National Union of Conservatives of a resolution recommending harmony of action between that body and the Central Committee. This harmony, which until Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL took his unlucky part in the concerns of the Union had always existed, must again be re-established if the party is to deserve success.

The simple question at issue is, as far as the Conservative public is concerned, Is a dual control to be permitted? Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, as is well known, work with absolute singleness of purpose and perfect agreement; but is Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who agrees with neither, to be allowed to rule also? The very suggestion of the thing is ludicrous. No man in his senses could dream that such a method of carrying on any organization, however simple, was possible; much less such a method of working such a complicated machinery as that of a party. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL may be Prime Minister some day—we hope, at any rate, that he will live to use his undoubted talents in the service of his country—but this will not be done by such ways as have been referred to. His presence at the latest party meeting may be construed as a sign that he knows this.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER RESOLUTION.

THE assailants of the law of marriage are probably less satisfied with their majority of Tuesday, large as it was, than it has been in some quarters supposed that they ought to be. They failed by a very large margin to muster the imposing array of supporters on which they had announced that they could count; and the narrow limits within which cross-voting was confined made the majority little more than a party one. It may, or may not be, practically advantageous to those who desire an alteration in the law that their pet question should become simply a trial of strength between the two political parties; but, in such a case as the present, it is certainly not favourable to argumentative or moral victory. In fact, the argument for license has rarely been more weakly supported than was the case in this debate. The appearance of Mr. BROADHURST in the character of champion rather emphasized than obscured what all students of the question know to be the real history of the matter, that the agitation originally and unsuccessfully got up by a few wealthy law-breakers has enlisted on its side, first, the sectarian dislike of some religious bodies to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England, and, secondly, the vague modern crotchet that the legislation of the past has, in some nefarious way, been generally directed to suit the convenience of the rich and obstruct the convenience of the poor. Mr. CLARKE's rather unexpected appearance in the character of a sentimental defender of deceased wives' sisters, Mr. HENEAGE's disquisition on the importance of Mahomedan opinion as to the constitution and usages of the family, certainly had no influence on many votes besides those of the ingenious members themselves. Mr. FOWLER's hatred of the Church of England, Mr. BROADHURST's no doubt genuine belief that every working-man is dying to marry his deceased wife's sister, and is prevented by a wicked conspiracy of bishops and dukes, must have been the influencing arguments, if argument had any influence at all, with the supporters of the Resolution.

On the other hand, there occurred in, or in connexion with, the debate certain things not a little damaging to the case of the deceased wife's sister's friends. The loudly-expressed desire to go no further in licensing marriages of affinity than the deceased wife's sister contrasted awkwardly with Mr. THOMASSEN's intended, though not actually moved, extension to deceased husbands' brothers, an extension to which, and to others, as has been repeatedly shown, the same arguments can be applied as to the actual case. It must, moreover, have struck more than one reader or hearer of the debate as somewhat inconsistent that, while the word was apparently passed to throw the blame of the present law on the "sacerdotalism" of the Church of England, the dispensing practice of the Church of Rome (which has not generally been considered less "sacerdotal" than her Anglican sister) was triumphantly pleaded against the law. And, lastly, to dismiss an incident which practically has no direct effect, and is not likely to have much indirect effect, on the fate of the question, the whole debate showed more clearly than ever what is the real motive of the innovators. Leviticus, statistics, the house accommodation of the poor, the wrongs of guiltless infants, and the charitable tolerance of those societies in which, Mr. CLARKE tells us, deceased wives' sisters are received as without a stain upon their character—all were mere covers and afterthoughts to the main plea that certain people, more or fewer, want to marry their wives' sisters, and that it is a great shame not to let them. Mr. BROADHURST's eighteen thousand aspirants to the hands of their brothers-in-law, Mr. HENEAGE's Mahomedan standard of family life, Mr. CLARKE's sugared quotations from Lord TENNYSON, Mr. FOWLER's admiration of the princes of the blood and detestation of a clerical caste, and Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN's picturesque, but not precisely original, account of the circumstances in which the Churches of Rome and England parted company, all come to this. "Thou shalt not" is a very disagreeable formula to the natural man, and the natural man would much rather get rid of it. No doubt he would; and the inclination is by no means confined to the case of deceased wives' sisters. What the Parliament of England and the people of England have to consider is whether it is either right or wise to admit as a sufficient reason for the abolishing of a law divine or human, or both, the facts that some people have broken it, and would like to be relieved of the consequences; that other people are quite determined to break it, but are good enough to prefer that it should be abolished; that others are very much inclined to break it, and will be uncomfortable if they are not allowed; and that others, again, break it daily, and may just as well be purged of their contempt whether they will or no. This is the real, genuine, unadulterated case for the measure; and, if it is a bad one, it is certainly not made better by sectarian denunciations of sacerdotalism, or by attempts to convince the poor that they, as poor, are suffering a grievance of some sort at the hands of the rich.

THE PARKS.

A RUNNING fire of debate, newspaper controversy, and cross-examination has gone on all the week as to the Parks. It goes near to be thought that Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE has played tricks with Hyde Park Corner. If the Railway Bill passes, the other corner by the Marble Arch will have far worse tricks played with it. The exclusive character of some Park roads is a sore subject with the Radical reformer who does not see that to make the Parks more common than they are already will be to ruin them as parks. An intelligent American is said to have complained that Hyde Park was too wild, but that was before the reign of the present CHIEF COMMISSIONER. There is very little wildness left now, and the eastern and southern sides are laid out in the trimmest of trim gardens, with labels attached to the shrubs. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON repudiates Sir ROBERT PEEL's charges against the Royal Academy, and Sir ROBERT PEEL reiterates them. The Committee on the Parks Railway Bill sits daily, and has so far taken a good deal of not very disinterested evidence in favour of the Bill, and a little against it. The strongest argument put forward was that the British workman residing in the northern suburbs will save ten minutes on his journey to Westminster when the Parks' route is open to him. There are many ways by which the British workman may save ten minutes at less cost to the general public; but

it is not clearly proved that in this case there are any workmen concerned. Mr. LEFEVRE has received a deputation of riders on tricycles who desire admission to the Parks. It is evident Mr. LEFEVRE would accede to this modest request if he could do so without admitting bicycles as well. The two kinds of "cycles" are, it seems, on a totally different footing, but make the same claims to have the rights accorded to hackney cabs. Finally, a question has been asked in the House of Commons as to a chimney-pot, or "cowled monk," which forms at present the crowning and most conspicuous ornament of the arch on Constitution Hill. We may notice this matter first.

Mr. LOWTHER, in bringing forward the question, added another as to whether Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE had received any petition from the Royal Academy protesting against the position of this conspicuous chimney-pot as "a violation of every principle of propriety and canon of good taste." Mr. LEFEVRE, in reply, asserted, what most people knew before, that the chimney-pot had been in the same place for forty years past; but he omitted to say that it is owing to his own mistake in removing an arch designed for one situation and placing it in another that the ornament in question becomes visible. Mr. LOWTHER's mention of the Academicians Mr. LEFEVRE took very seriously, on the obvious ground that Mr. LOWTHER did not mean it seriously. But, though the incident terminated here as far as the House of Commons is concerned, the controversy between Sir ROBERT PEEL and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON is continued. Sir FREDERICK denies that he ever thought a bust by Mr. BELT worthy of ancient Greece; and Sir ROBERT rejoins by quoting a letter from Mr. BELT, in which it is positively stated. Mr. BELT vaguely adds "others" to the President as describing his PAGLIATI bust, before they knew he had executed it, to be worthy of PHIDIAS. It is to be hoped in the interests of the public that Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON will not reply to Sir ROBERT PEEL again. There is nothing but wrangling to be obtained by this sort of controversy. It does not affect the Parks at all. Any one who understood classical architecture, or knew the works of DECIMUS BURTON, or the principles by which he was guided, could have told Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE that to remove the arch down the hill and to turn it half round would mar its effect. Mr. LEFEVRE would probably have refused such counsel, but that has nothing to do with the question. On Thursday evening the Duke of RUTLAND and Lord DE ROS made a vain appeal to the Government to reconsider their decision as to the removal of the statue to Aldershot, and, in all probability, it will go there before long.

Meanwhile, neither Sir ROBERT PEEL nor the President of the Royal Academy seems to concern himself about the Railway Bill. Here the moving power appears, from the evidence given before the Committee on Monday, to be a permanent official of the Office of Works, Mr. MITFORD. How far he is also responsible for the muddle at Hyde Park Corner we cannot tell; but he it is, as he says himself, who suggested the route from the Marble Arch to Albert Gate. The original proposal was to make a railway from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner. The reasons against this course were obvious, even to Mr. MITFORD; but, instead of letting the matter drop, he must needs do a little amateur engineering on his own account, and propose the Albert Gate scheme, of which he is evidently very proud. The local opposition to the Bill is very strong. All Edgware Road seems to be against it. The evidence in favour of the scheme is very weak. Of course on Tuesday Mr. BELL and Mr. FENTON, who are railway managers, warmly approved of it. They are entirely within their province, but Mr. MITFORD's position as a designer and promoter of railways is by no means so clear. This is just where the chief of a department should and can best interfere. But Mr. MITFORD's chief is Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE.

SEA-FISHING.

THE catching of fish is a pastime so attractive to the people of these islands, and the opportunities for its exercise in our inland waters so limited, that it seems a little strange that the wide and inexhaustible region of pleasure which the sea affords should have been hitherto so little explored. Year by year the pursuit of what is supposed to be the finer art of freshwater fishing is becoming more restricted, and subject to conditions which place it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. The Thames has still its votaries, and it must be reckoned as a wonderful proof of the resources of that noble stream that it should still continue

to yield something. Without undervaluing these simpler delights, for to the true angler every kind of fishing is good when better cannot be had, we are tempted to ask why it is that the pursuit of fish at sea is so much neglected, and even judged to be an inferior art. Here is an open water which it is impossible to over-fish, which needs no preserving, which is ever well stocked. In all the elements of sport, the sea is at least equal to the loch or the river. The incidental delights are more various, the excitement certainly not less; while there is just a spice of danger to give zest to the pursuit. The dancing waves, the open sky, the wider panorama of land and water, are no bad exchange for the purling stream, the hanging trees, the enamelled meadow. It is supposed to be only a base mind which reckons the "bag" an item in the estimate of the sport; yet to many sea-fishing will have this recommendation over river-fishing, that the creatures taken have a certain edible and commercial value. The true angler is believed to be superior to this feeling; yet we may fairly doubt whether, if the salmon were as worthless a fish for the table as the barbel, we should esteem his capture so highly. Always excepting the salmon, which is really a sea-fish, with whom sweet water is only a passing domestic necessity, there are but few fish in the river which for their own sake are worth catching. In the sea the worthless ones are the exception. The abundance of species, the variety of forms, and the uncertainty as to what you may bring up are other elements peculiar to sea-fishing which the conventional angler, the classic Waltonian, misses. When you go trouting, you catch trout (sometimes); and when you go gudgeoning, you catch gudgeon, making no account of a chance perchling or dace. But there is no telling what creature may take your hook at the bottom of the sea, or your fish as he ascends to the surface. The original capture may be either whiting or gurnard, and what comes up may suffer a sea change on the journey, and win blessing or curse by proving dory or dog-fish. Finally, to those who can contain their stomachs in a "lop," sea-fishing includes, in addition to angling, a good deal of what is most adventurous in yachting.

As for art, those who visited the Fisheries Exhibition of last year might have observed the great variety of devices for the catching of sea-fish, not only by those who pursue the trade, but those for whom Mr. Wilcocks writes *The Sea Fisherman*. That valuable work, which we are glad to see in a fourth and much improved edition (London: Longmans, 1884), is a witness at once to the neglect with which this branch of angling has been treated, and the great advance it has made in late years. While angling proper has a whole literature to itself, sea-fishing has only its Wilcocks. The book is unique, and the only bibliography it admits is a comparison of editions. This is a fact which, though highly flattering to the author, is scarcely creditable to a nation which possesses in its circumjacent seas the most magnificent fishing-ground in the world—a field of art of which the potentialities are only bounded by the enterprise of the insidious shrimp and the intrusive trawler. This fourth edition of Mr. Wilcocks's book has been enlarged and improved; and if it is scarcely yet equal to its great subject, it is because the march of art in sea-fishing has even outstripped the teaching of its earliest apostle and only authority. While we have a great deal of practical information as to tackle and boat gear and all the coarser ways of taking fish, the defects which were conspicuous in the former editions are still to be noted in this. The first and most irritating is in respect to the clumsy arrangement by which the chapters are made to run into one another, dissertations on bait being mixed up with fishing adventures and the kinds and ways of fish in a manner most distracting to the reader. It is true there is an index; but, as the book is said to have been rewritten, it is a pity the matter was not re-cast into some kind of order. The instructions given are such as are evidently derived from a long and zealous pursuit of sea-fishing as an amusement, and all that relates to boatmanship, the choice of fishing-grounds, the taking of marks, and the making of the various kinds of sea-tackle is of great value, and conveyed in a simple, seamanlike fashion. In regard to the matter of the instruction our only complaint is that Mr. Wilcocks hardly seems to attach sufficient importance to the improvements which have been recently made in the art of which he was the first teacher, especially in the substitution of artificial for natural lines, and in the various refinements, both in trolling or "whipping" and bottom-fishing, for which we are indebted to the ingenuity of the West-country anglers, in this branch of the art at the head of the world. Our author is a little old-fashioned, and slow to admit the value of the modern devices. Yet it is these which have given quite a new character to the art, and are rapidly revolutionizing the practice of the sea-fisherman. Half of the charm of angling lies in the successful deluding of the fish by means which at first sight appear disproportionate to the end to be achieved. Any one can catch fish in the sea—the art is to catch fish in the greatest number, under unlikely conditions, and with the least expenditure of power. Sea-fish being more numerous, more greedy, and more accessible than river-fish, are more easily taken by coarse tackle; but more will be taken, and the pleasure of taking them will be greater, in proportion as the lines, the hooks, and the lures are finer. No one would catch a salmon with a worm who could catch one with an artificial fly. Why should we not therefore pay the same compliment to the mackerel and the pollack as we do to their kinsmen in fresh water? It is a mistake to suppose that sea-fish are less particular or more stupid than river-fish. Other things being equal, fine tackle will kill

better than coarse at sea. The amateur, provided with his Plymouth line, his Manchester snooding, his gut trace, and his artificial spinner, may be backed to catch more mackerel in a day than any professional. No one can deny that it is pleasanter to use the artificial than the natural baits even at sea. The best of these latter are troublesome to handle, and not seldom difficult to get, while some of the sea-worms recommended by Mr. Wilcocks are slimy, malodorous, and have a gruesome hairiness of leg. Sand-eels, which our author greatly affects, are only of partial distribution—like pilchards, the best of all fish-bait for bottom-fishing. Squid is unattractive, and mussel unsatisfactory. This matter of bait is a very important one in sea-fishing, and at once the chief source of trouble to the amateur as well as the main impediment to sport. Often it is more difficult to catch the bait than the fish. It is here that the watering-place boatman, always the most ignorant of fishermen, has the visitor in his power. As to feeling in the crevices of rocks for the spider-crab, or turning over flat stones for the "warm or sea tape-worm," or saving the long gut of the pilchard, that is a detail to which some may object. These are the concomitants of the sport, fondly dwelt upon by professionals, which are the opprobrium of sea-fishing. They are not necessary, and it should be the province of the artist to show how they may be avoided.

To move upward, working out the worm and the fish-gut, this is the course which sea-fishing should take if it is to be developed into an art. If Mr. Wilcocks has a fault it is that he stands too much in the ancient ways, and makes too little account of the refinements introduced by the skilled tackle-makers who made so brave a show at South Kensington. The extent to which artificial lures can be used in sea-fishing is of course limited, though the tendency is to advance on the finer lines—to eschew hemp where cotton can be used, to discard gimp and thread for gut, to reduce the weight of sinkers, and to substitute metal spinners, flies, and "babies" for squid, fish, and worm. There are, as we need not inform those who have fished at sea, two, or rather three, chief ways of catching sea-fish. The first is at anchor, when whiting, bream, haddock, and in the late summer mackerel, are the quarry sought, at the bottom or in mid-water. Here the tackle should be as fine as is consistent with the strength of the current and the size of the fish expected, with a sinker not heavier than is absolutely necessary, and in proportion to the weight of the line. The best kind of "rig" for all ground-fish is that which Mr. Wilcocks describes as the Kentish, which is a modification of the familiar "chop-sticks," if there is still water or little current. If there is a tideway, then the boat-shaped lead, with a gut trace with two or three hooks dependent, is to be preferred. The second method of fishing is also at anchor, but with a drift-line without sinkers, for bass or pollack. If either of these two ways are adopted, of course natural bait must be used, as the lure is stationary, and the fish would be able to detect an artificial one. The third and by far the most sporting method of taking fish at sea is from a boat in motion, either under sail or oars. This admits of artificial bait being used exclusively, and is called "whiffing" when pursued in a sailing-boat for mackerel, and trailing or trolling when the boat is rowed. The latter is the process adopted for the capture of bass or pollack, and it is perhaps that branch of sport which admits of the greatest variety and interest, seeing that it can be followed in smooth water and almost in any weather, provided there is shelter and the ground is fit. The tackle for this kind of sport should be of the finest consistent with strength; for fish of very large size may be looked for, which are stronger than salmon of the same weight. Mr. Wilcocks's instructions for the amateur under this head scarcely seem up to the latest science. There can be no doubt whatever that more fish will be caught with artificial bait when pollacking, either with the grey eel, Brooks's "baited baby," or sole-skin flies, than with the living sand-eel or rag-worm—not to speak of the pleasure and triumph of deluding the fish by the finer art. As for rods, they are out of place in a boat, and as illegitimate at sea as hand-fishing would be on a river. They are useful only on the rare occasions when a shoal of bass are playing on the surface, or for casting from a rock among breakers in deep water. Fly-fishing at sea is, however, an epicene kind of sport, seldom to be had, for which no especial instructions are needed. The real art of the sea-fisherman consists, even more than that of the angler on shore, first, in knowing the ways of fish and their kinds; next, in using the finest tackle. The rest is mainly boatmanship, which cannot be taught by book.

THE CONSOLATION OF NEWSPAPERS.

BOETHIUS *De Consolatione* is a work of which every one has heard, and (of course) which most people have read. Most people have read everything of which every one has heard, despite the rumours which have been spread as to a slight difficulty felt by the public at the private view of the Royal Academy as to the subject of the President's chief picture this year. But Boethius (as every one will remember) omits to notice one remarkable and fertile source and form of consolation—that derived from the newspapers. There are people who hold that the newspapers are the root of all evil, which if it be so, there must certainly be truth in homeopathy. For instance, it would be a very painful thing for *gens de bien* to go to a meeting of the Liberation Society. But when without trouble, and without incurring the danger of evil communications, a man can quietly read at his breakfast-table how Mr. Stansfeld takes credit to the Liberation Society for having

"abolished the word toleration," great is his delight, if he has any sense of humour. The right honourable advocate of free-trade in the streets is perfectly right. The Liberation Society has abolished the word toleration, at least as far as it is itself concerned, and a very pretty achievement for a *soi-disant* Society of Christian men that is. The Society cannot tolerate the Church, and it announces that it won't be tolerated by the Church. Such is the charity, such the meekness, of the political Dissenter. And we could not have known this, except, as hinted above, at a cost far too great to pay, without the newspaper; and yet too many of us sneer at that newspaper. This is not just.

But the pleasure derivable from those documents of which a modern writer has said in his haste that "the newspaper press does more harm than the invention of printing has ever done good" is by no means limited to this instance. A newspaper may, by a person in an optimist frame of mind, be described as a great engine for the condensation of boredom. For instance, it would, no doubt, not have been nearly so painful to spend an afternoon on Tuesday in the House of Commons as to spend an afternoon or evening on Wednesday with the Liberationists; the same society would have been in part present, but it would have been tempered and allayed. But still, five hours of discussion over a Franchise Bill which one side is not honest enough to avow that it cares nothing about, and the other side not strong enough to deposit in its proper waste-paper basket, could hardly be very cheerful to any one whose duty did not call him there. Faint and few are the relieving incidents on such occasions, and their zest is almost lost in the ocean of hypocrisy and twaddle. But in a newspaper report of reasonable fulness the tolerably practised eye can take the whole thing in in a few minutes, and appreciate all the pleasant jests, which show even in the dullest debate that humanity is never more human than in the House of Commons. The said eye runs lightly over fifty or sixty lines of insignificant print (alas! the ear cannot similarly run over five or six hundred or thousand words of insignificant utterance), and fixes at once on Mr. Gladstone protesting his inexpressible impatience to begin redistribution. Redistribution is "desirable, and even urgent"; the Government have "a hearty wish and a full intention" to redistribute without loss of time. Yet somehow, though a couple of clauses and as many schedules added to the Bill would do this urgent and desirable business, would gratify this hearty wish and give effect to this full intention, the Government cannot somehow see their way to do it. They are dying for redistribution, but somehow they think it would be well just to wait a little before redistributing. How dreadful, for instance (it is Mr. Gladstone who speaks again), would it be "if the labour of the House upon the Franchise Bill should be lost until the enactment of a Redistribution Bill!" Mr. Gladstone shudders at the thought, and yet the same thought surely suggests that the best possible way of preventing such a terrible thing would be to make the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill one. Mr. Gladstone doesn't see that at all; in fact, if some former passages were forgotten, it might seem that the very idea had never occurred to him, and that he would bless the man who proposed it. Then in the paper we jump over Mr. Warton (which we could not have done without breach of privilege in the House), and another consolation turns up in Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Labouchere, who appears to have set the entire force of a not inconsiderable intellect and a very ingenious fancy to the task of reducing Radicalism *ad absurdum*, is ready to do anything for Mr. Gladstone if he will only have nothing to do with any amendments at all. The House of Commons is a place of discussion; discussion is impossible without amendments, and Mr. Labouchere wishes all amendments, Liberal or Tory, friendly or hostile, limiting or extending, to be summarily burked. This is freedom, this is. Then we take another and longer skip, and come once more to Mr. Gladstone. Even Mr. Gladstone has not often surpassed his profound and final, because incomprehensible, explanation of what is meant by a distinction between borough and county franchise. "That distinction," said Mr. Gladstone, "does not rest so much on what the franchise is which qualifies the man as on what the man himself is." Somebody said "Hear; hear!" to this, and indeed it is not obvious what else could be said, if anything could be said at all. Any other response would require a short treatise *de ente hominis*. We are not sure, however, that some one ought not to have got up and moved for a return of answers to the question "What are you?" addressed to every existing and, under the Bill, future voter. There is, if we mistake not, a tract in existence entitled "What am I?" and perhaps it might help such of the new voters as can read to answer the inquiry. From metaphysics, a column or two of the *Times* being overleapt, Mr. Gladstone passed to pleasantries, and "hoped Mr. Lowther would not again entertain the House with his own personal history, and with references to the gallant manner in which he had at all times maintained his principles." Now if this is not a pretty good joke from Mr. Gladstone, who entertains the House ("engages its rapt attention" is the usual phrase of the party summary-writers next day) about once a week with selections from his personal history, demonstrations of the great moral worth of all parties to which he has belonged, and so forth, it is difficult to say what a pretty good joke is. And yet it might have been dearly bought by personal attendance on several hours of a debate on the word "uniform," which, interpreted by the laws of common sense, can refer only to the uniform desire of the Government to remain in office.

So much for Franchise Bills—a subject of unquestioned dryness,

in reference to which, as we have shown, these hours of dull debate can be condensed into minutes of excellent political comedy. But there is no need to stop here. Who, save a few persons who have access to political news and the personal friends of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. MacIver, would have known, but for the newspapers, the delightful opinion of the Prime Minister about "free comment"? The Plymouth Liberal Association wrote to communicate the usual resolution which, though we have not seen it, no doubt said the usual things, in the usual way (as per hektograph), and Mr. Gladstone acknowledged it per private secretary. "These proceedings of the Opposition respecting Votes of Censure may," Mr. Gladstone thinks, "become the subject of free comment during the debate next week." Now the phrase "free comment" is of itself, as has been said, delightful. It suggests that other charming form of speech common in the mouths of the feminine members of the lower classes—"a few words"—it being in both cases perfectly well known what sort of comment and what sort of words are referred to. And observe, too, that Mr. Gladstone apparently objects to Votes of Censure as Votes of Censure. According to this pleasing doctrine, an Opposition would seem to have the right to bring in one Vote of Censure per Session (or is it per Parliament?), and when that is defeated the Government ought to be bothered no more. The defeat of a Vote of Censure on the past is equivalent to a vote of indemnity for the future; and, if a fresh blunder or crime causes fresh protest, the protest, and not the question whether there is reason for it, is to be the subject of free comment. So does an old offender in court occasionally consider it a subject for free comment (or even for boots) that he should be troubled with fresh inquiries into his misdeeds.

One more instance of the recreation and consolation to be found in that much-reviled product of this so-called nineteenth century, the newspaper, and we have done. "M. Ferry," says a paper before us, "may be ignorant of many things, but he is not quite so stupid as to imagine that the majority in the House [of Commons] is not proof against any number of telegrams from Khartoum. There may be some score who will refuse to vote that black is white; but, if Mr. Gladstone speaks them fair, they will not carry their opposition beyond abstention." Now this citation does not come from our own irreverent columns, or from those of the *St. James's Gazette*, or from those of the *Times*, still less from those of any party organ of the Opposition; it comes from the *Pall Mall*. And let nobody say that the *Pall Mall*, having taken a leading part in supporting General Gordon's mission, is bound to be angry at his abandonment. That is so; but it is not all the fact or half the fun. Here is a Liberal, not to say a Radical, newspaper, the Radical-Liberalism of which has never recently been impeached, roundly charging the Radical-Liberal majority of a Radical-Liberal Parliament with being proof against any number of facts and perfectly ready to vote black white at a Radical-Liberal Minister's bidding. If this is not, to adopt a highly picturesque and expressive comparison, "more fun than a barrel of monkeys," we do not know what is. Somebody said that a true joke was no joke, but he was wrong. What the *Pall Mall Gazette* says is perfectly true, and it is an admirable joke—that is, if attention, as was explained on a former occasion, be kept strictly to the jocular side of the question. And perhaps that was what the ancient who made the remark about the "sooth board," after all, meant.

Such are a very few consolations of newspaper reading derived from the newspapers of a few hours, and applied under the adverse circumstances of bad news from abroad and a Gladstonian Administration at home (which two things are indeed one), and a Franchise Bill, and stormy weather, and a multitude of Exhibitions, and the Liberation Society, and the Deceased Wife's Sister, and the news that the vintage has been knocked about yet another year in France by those abominable ill-tempered saints whom Master Francis mentions, the saints who preside over hail, frost, rain, and other unpleasant atmospheric phenomena. They might have been multiplied many times, and they are accessible to anybody. Therefore let no one speak evil of newspapers unless he is not a laughing animal, or, which is the same thing, unless he is a sincere admirer of Mr. Gladstone. For this last luckless class there is, indeed, but little consolation, except in very carefully chosen periodicals, and in them only by sticking closely to the division lists and the leading articles. A moment's rashness of "cross-reading," of straying into speeches or paragraphs, and there is no knowing what the fervent Gladstonian may come upon. The only consolation for him is, that he is probably too much of a Gladstonian to have any eyes to see what he does come upon.

BOSSUET.

BOSSUET—"the last of the Fathers," as he has been styled by a pardonable anachronism, which, however, forgets Butler, not to mention others—is so conspicuous a figure both in literary and ecclesiastical history, and is so confessedly the typical representative and spokesman of the grandest epoch of the old Gallican Church, that it is not surprising to find an elaborate paper devoted to him in the *Quarterly Review*. How far the writer's treatment of his theme can be considered felicitous will appear in the sequel, and meanwhile it is rather strange to find in the long list of works enumerated in the heading no mention made of Mrs. Sidney Lear's *Bossuet and his Contemporaries*, reviewed some years ago in our columns. That he won his chief reputation

as an orator, a controversialist, and a churchman may be allowed, but it is a little odd to be informed *in limine* that "the least appropriate aspect in which he can be viewed is that of a man of letters," especially when we had been told only on the previous page that any impeachment on the greatness of Bossuet would naturally appear to a Frenchman as sacrilegious as it would to an Englishman to impugn the fame "of our nearly contemporary Milton." For it is obviously only as being both literary men that any analogy can be traced between the two. Nor does the reason given for this strange verdict add much to its plausibility. If Bossuet always or generally wrote "for an immediate practical purpose," Cardinal Newman—if our memory serves us—has somewhere made a very similar statement about his own writings; yet the reviewer, we presume, would hardly venture to dispute his Eminence's claim to a high place among "men of letters," though he, like Bossuet, has written "as a doctor of the Church." In truth such an arbitrary canon as this judgment implies would make and havoc of many illustrious literary reputations. Of Bossuet's encyclopædic, if somewhat undigested, learning, which seems to have embraced almost the entire circle of knowledge attainable in his day, with the solitary exception of mathematics, for which he had a distaste, the reviewer says next to nothing. He is right however in premising that Bossuet was eminently the child of his age and country, and that accordingly some acquaintance with the circumstances of his life is essential to an intelligent appreciation of his political and religious principles. And the following passage supplies on the whole a fair summary of the salient points to be kept in mind:—

It is important to remember that France was then but slowly recovering from the disastrous effects of the civil war of the League, the object of which had been to extirpate the Huguenot party, and force both the Crown and the Church into unqualified submission to the Papal See. Nor must we overlook that in his own youth, through the senseless wars of the Fronde, Bossuet himself saw his country once more convulsed and the Crown humiliated; while across the water he watched the English rebellion running its turbulent and fatal course, and shaking the thrones of Europe with amazement and terror. Both his hereditary prepossessions, then, and the experiences of his youth, combined to foster in his mind the sentiment of absolute submission to the Crown as the only secure centre of national unity, and to root in him two invincible and life-long aversions; on one side, to the reformed doctrines, which seemed in every nation where they found a footing to be a standing source of discord and weakness; on the other, to the encroaching policy of the Popes, which menaced the royal prerogative, and thrust upon the Gallican Church a foreign and unconstitutional jurisdiction.

It should be recorded to his honour that from earliest youth Bossuet was irreproachable in morals, at a period when unfortunately an ecclesiastical status, and even the highest dignities of the Church, afforded no sure guarantee for correctness of conduct. He had already as a boy of sixteen given promise of his oratorical powers, when called upon at a few minutes' notice—a wager being laid on his success—to preach before a gay party assembled at midnight at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and not long afterwards the Bishop of Lisieux made him preach before a graver assemblage, of bishops and learned men, among whom was the famous De Rancé, who has left on record the impression produced by his discourse. He was forty-two when he delivered his great funeral oration on Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I., and about the same time he was appointed tutor to the Dauphin, an office he discharged for ten years with unwearied and conscientious diligence, but without gaining the affections or exercising much influence over the mind of a not very responsive pupil. It led however to his composing his *Politics* and *Discourse on Universal History*, on which Mr. Buckle has pronounced a verdict at least as narrow and one-sided as the work he so angrily condemns.

In 1680, at the age of 53, Bossuet became Bishop of Meaux, having previously held and resigned the less important see of Condom. He retained Meaux to his death in 1704, but throughout that quarter of a century—as was said of a late English bishop of a suffragan See—he was really the virtual primate of the national Church. The reviewer discusses his policy with special reference to three burning questions of the day in France, the Gallican Liberties, the treatment of the Huguenots, and Quietism. There is too much unfortunately in his conduct of the two last affairs over which his warmest admirers must desire to cast a veil. On his handling of the quarrel with Rome opinions are apt to differ a good deal according to the theological standpoint of his critic, and the *Quarterly* reviewer betrays throughout too marked an *animus* to be an impartial or discriminating guide on such matters. We may have a word to say on the subject further on. Let it suffice here to note that the first of the famous four Gallican articles, framed by Bossuet, solemnly repudiates all civil or temporal jurisdiction of the Pope, and therefore condemns the deposing power; the second reaffirms the decrees of "the holy Ecumenical Council of Constance," subjecting the Pope in spiritual causes to a General Council; the third limits his jurisdiction by the ancient canons of the Church and recognized national usages; the fourth declares his judgment "in matters of faith" to be subject to the consent of the Church. In the Protestant controversy Bossuet took a prominent part, and both his *Exposition of the Catholic Faith* and his well-known *Variations of the Protestant Churches* not only achieved a splendid literary success, but produced immediate results of a directly religious kind. It must be regretted, though in view of the conditions of his age it is hardly to be wondered at, that he was not content to confine himself to such legitimate methods of theological warfare; but whether or not he was directly responsible for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, his own language

forbids us to doubt that the measure had his hearty approval, though not the violence which followed on it. No doubt he could plead the excuse of his biographer that his error was shared by all the great men and public bodies of the kingdom, and indeed by the whole of France, not to say of Europe. He insists himself indeed justly enough in the *Variations* that the repression of religious error by the secular arm was a principle on which Catholics and Protestants were agreed, and that he knew of two Christian sects only that denied it, the Socinians and Anabaptists; he might have added that their doctrine of toleration was probably prompted rather by weakness than by conviction, and that the Anabaptists at all events had shown little disposition to abide by it when they had the upper hand. Some allowance must also be made for the peculiar circumstances of France in his own day, already noticed, which led the great majority of Frenchmen to identify patriotism with zealous maintenance of the established faith, and it is just to remember that he was gentle and conciliatory in dealing with Protestants in his own diocese. But still in a man of Bossuet's commanding genius these excuses cannot be accepted as more than partial, especially when we recollect the very different line adopted by his contemporary and brother prelate, the saintly Fénelon, who positively refused to comply with the King's desire that he should preach to the Huguenots, unless the soldiers were first withdrawn, observing that by the military method of proselytism they might doubtless bring flocks of converts to communion, whose conversion however would be worse than worthless. It is not pleasant to find Bossuet, on the other hand, in a funeral discourse on the Chancellor Le Tellier, who with his dying hand had affixed the great seal to the fatal edict, after which he said *Nunc dimittis*, lauding to the skies "the piety of Louis," as a new Constantine, Theodosius, Marcian, and Charlemagne, who "had confirmed the faith and exterminated the heretics." And the mention of Fénelon recalls a still more questionable episode in the career of "the Eagle of Meaux." It is not quite fair to say with Mr. Lecky that, when "the question of the disinterestedness of the love we should bear to God was agitated in the Catholic Church, Bossuet took the selfish and Fénelon the unselfish side." Most impartial judges of every religious school will be disposed to endorse the judgment of the *Quarterly* reviewer here, that, on the main issue at stake, Bossuet was substantially in the right; "the doctrine of pure love, with its apparent consequences . . . was too refined for common use. As Bossuet observed, it mistook earth for heaven, and exile for home." And Mme. Guyon, who, if a devout, was also a very foolish and flighty woman—whom St. Paul certainly would not have "suffered to teach"—insisted on preaching her doctrine, in season and out of season, "for common use." Still nothing can excuse the tyrannical cruelty of her treatment at Bossuet's urgent suggestion, or his ready credulity in listening to the silly slanders against her moral character. And far more deeply discreditable was his conduct throughout the whole business towards Fénelon, though less disgraceful than that of his worthless kinsman, "the little nephew of a great uncle," whom he employed as his emissary at Rome to bully the Pope into compliance with the dictates of the French Court, and for whose appointment to a bishopric he did not cease scheming to the last, though it was not granted till twelve years after his death. If the controversy exhibited the ignominious and undisguised humiliation of the Court of Rome, under the arrogant and imperious dictation of "the elder son of the Church," it is also too true that "the worst side of Bossuet's character was drawn out by the strife."

It is pleasanter to turn to his threefold celebrity as an orator, a controversialist, and a great ecclesiastical statesman. On the first point there is little new to be said; perhaps there is something rather stilted and grandiose about his eloquence at times, though the reviewer seems to us hardly to do it justice. Meanwhile it is interesting to learn that he did not, like Massillon, Bourdaloue, and the great French preachers of the day generally, write his discourses in full and learn them by heart, but drew up outlines and notes, to be filled up in delivery, special parts only being written out, as is—we believe—the general custom of great speakers, whether on sacred or secular themes. To enter on a detailed criticism of Bossuet's controversial position would be very like entering on a discussion of the controversy between Rome and Protestantism, and that would be obviously out of place here. It would be difficult perhaps to state the case, as it stood in the seventeenth century, between the rival creeds more effectively than Bossuet has done from his own point of view; to say that he does not meet scientific, historical, and other difficulties which at that day nobody dreamed of, is no disparagement to his acuteness, though it may make much of his argument obsolete. But after all Bossuet was greatest as an ecclesiastical statesman, and the reviewer's estimate of him in that capacity is perceptibly not appreciated. He maintains, if we rightly understand him, that Bossuet's Gallicanism was rendered "illogical" and almost absurd by his adhesion to the See of Rome as the divine centre of unity. "To the marrow he was a Catholic, according to his understanding of Catholicism; and that understanding involved a view of the Papacy which is radically inconsistent with his other principles. From the tradition of the Church he dared not recede; and that tradition assigned to the occupant of St. Peter's Chair an impregnable foundation for the very autocracy against which Bossuet so vigorously protested." That is of course the ultramontane reading of Church history, but to assume it is to assume the very point in dispute, not in

Bossuet's day only, but for several centuries, between the rival parties in the Church. Gallicanism, in much the same sense as he understood it, had already been a moot point for more than two centuries, ever since the great Council of Constance, and its advocates argued, with at least as much plausibility as their opponents, that it represented "the traditions of the Church" in a far more remote and venerable antiquity. It is quite legitimate again for Anglican controversialists to contend—though the contention is not essential to the Anglican position—that "between Ultramontane servitudes and Anglican independence the Gallican Liberties were an illogical halting-place," but to assume this as a self-evident truism, in a paper not professedly controversial but critical, is to decide offhand a controversy bristling with disputed points, historical and theological, of which the writer betrays no inkling, and to condemn offhand a long line of illustrious Churchmen and divines, to whose names he makes no reference. His one argument has at least the merit of an exquisite simplicity; "the brand of heresy has been stamped upon it (Gallicanism) by the Vatican [Council], and within the entire obedience of Rome, Ultramontanism has triumphed and reigns supreme." As a statement of present fact, this would have been truer ten years ago than now; as a prophecy—and to serve the purpose of the argument it must include a forecast of the future—it is still more open to dispute; but we care not to intrude on Dr. Cumming's vacant throne. Whatever may or may not come to pass hereafter, it is sufficiently "illogical"—to adopt the reviewer's own chosen term—to infer that Bossuet's position as formulated in 1682 was untenable, because two centuries afterwards it was "branded with heresy" by a very questionable vote—questionable, we mean, in the manner of extorting it, for with its abstract justice we are not concerned—of a skilfully drilled assembly, passed under strong coercion, and in the teeth of the vigorous protests of all the leading spokesmen of that same hierarchy of which Bossuet was once the acknowledged leader. There is more force in the reviewer's comment on the "imperious and resolute immobility of thought" which distinguished him from Pascal, but the comparison of two men, of perhaps equal genius but utterly unlike in every other respect, is scarcely a happy one. Bossuet was not, and never claimed to be, a philosopher, as neither was Pascal an orator or a statesman. To say that words of Pascal survive which still speak to the hearts of all men, while "no one now takes practical account of" the writings of Bossuet, is much like saying that Locke is still read, while "no one now takes practical account of" the political theories of Burke. Philosophy, if it is good for any time, must be good for all times; politics, polemics, and preaching necessarily vary from age to age. It is true that the horizon of Bossuet was limited, and that "human intelligence, in its progress, has outwitted him." Will the reviewer tell us how many there have been of the greatest intellects the world has seen—and we are not prepared to elevate Bossuet to that supreme distinction—of whom the same might not as justly be affirmed?

MILKING TELEGRAMS.

THE action brought by the Central News Agency against the Eastern Telegraph Company, the Exchange Telegraph Company, Sir James Anderson, and Mr. Benjamin Smith, has disclosed a very interesting and a very diversified story. It is almost an illustration of *Quidquid agunt homines*. It is a narrative of adventure, of pluck, of enterprise, of despatch—nay, of more despatches than one. There is in it a spice of romance, and if the evidence for the plaintiffs had been true, there would have been in it a good deal more than a spice of fraud. The glories of the Special Correspondent have been celebrated by many pens, not least frequently or least eloquently by his own. The profession can never, from the nature of the case, lack a sacred bard. Its members would not be doing their duty if they did not describe in more or less highly-coloured language their own performances. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read the testimony of Mr. Burleigh in the present case, which was given with perfect simplicity and an entire absence of ostentation, without feeling some pride at the spirit displayed by Englishmen in this, as in every other walk of life. Mr. Burleigh was sent out to Egypt by the Central News. He was with Lord Wolseley's forces when the assault upon Arabi's position was made, and he was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He accompanied the Royal Irish, thinking, he says, that they were sure to be well to the fore. They were, and so was Mr. Burleigh. Looking about him with perfect coolness under fire he saw what happened, and galloped off with the information to telegraph home. It may be as well before going further to consider what Mr. Burleigh had done. He had secured for himself, and, as he thought, consequently for his employers, the earliest intelligence of an event, in which not this country only, but the whole of Europe, was deeply interested. Whatever may be thought of the policy which led to Tel-el-Kebir, it is impossible to doubt that the anxiety for news of it was eager and intense. By his own courage and sagacity, Mr. Burleigh was enabled to send an account of it before any one else, and within a very short space of time indeed. He was a long way ahead of the official telegram. The engagement was fought at daybreak; and at a time variously estimated, but at all events early in the morning, Mr. Burleigh's message was despatched. Yet it was not the first to be published in this country. The earliest account of Tel-el-Kebir actually printed in England was described as having been received by the Exchange Telegraph

Company, which had not only no Correspondent at the front, but no Correspondent in Egypt at all. The question how this came about is what the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury have been engaged in investigating. Few more serious issues have come before a court of justice in our time. In one sense, of course, it does not matter to the public who sends the news, so long as the news comes. One man was as competent as another to say that Arabi's army, or rabble, had been crushed at Tel-el-Kebir. The picturesque details were of far less consequence than the bare fact. But it is competition which ensures that early and authentic intelligence shall be received. A monopolist cares nothing for the public interest, either in journalism or anything else. Competition, again, to be effective, must be fair. What the Central News complained of was that the contents of their telegram had been deliberately intercepted and stolen by unscrupulous rivals.

The way in which the Central News put its case was this. It is a Company formed for the purpose of supplying the public through the Press with information on all matters of interest at home and abroad. In pursuance of that object, it sent Mr. Burleigh to Egypt. The Exchange Telegraph Company is an association of a similar kind, which had, however, no Correspondent in Egypt. One of the Directors, if not the principal Director, of the Exchange Telegraph Company was, in the autumn of 1882, Sir James Anderson. Sir James Anderson was also Managing Director of the Eastern Telegraph Company, by which all telegraphic messages from Egypt were necessarily sent. The chief officer of the Telegraph Company at Alexandria was Mr. Benjamin Smith. Telegrams from the interior of Egypt passed through Alexandria, and Mr. Smith had access to their contents. It was his practice to read them, and to inform Sir James Anderson in England of what he read. For this purpose a system of "service messages" was established which had precedence over all others. "Diocles" was the name by which the Exchange Company was known in the offices of the Eastern Telegraph, and "Expedite messages to Diocles" was printed up in the offices of the latter association. On the arrival of Mr. Burleigh's telegram at Alexandria, Mr. Benjamin Smith forthwith made himself acquainted with it, and telegraphed it to Sir James Anderson. While this service message was being sent, Mr. Burleigh's message was detained, and thus the Exchange Telegraph Company, of which Sir James Anderson was Managing Director, obtained the earliest information of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Such was the plain story told by the witnesses for the plaintiffs, and it hung remarkably well together. The Central News has itself passed through the fire of hostile criticism, and did not in the opinion of purists in such matters come out altogether unscathed. Its habit of "expanding" telegrams might, perhaps, be defended as equally legitimate with the opposite practice of compression, so freely and beneficially applied to the Parliamentary and other speeches of able orators. Something, again, must be filled in at the office, and it has been contended that to draw the line at stops and particles is pedantic and narrow-minded. However that may be, the present case is altogether different. It was no question of exaggerating simple facts, of colouring prosaic narratives, and putting inferences drawn at home in place of assertions made on the spot. The charge here was one of moral, if not of legal, theft. Even the wise could scarcely call it conveying. A graver accusation has seldom been made against businessmen. The public had obviously the strongest interest in seeing the case sifted to the bottom. We are all more or less at the mercy of these news agencies. We rely on their integrity, or we should not care to read what they publish. But the sort of tricks which the Exchange Telegraph Company has been accused of playing are enough to destroy all confidence in those who could stoop to them. There is no room for dispute here as to the degree or amount in or to which plagiarism is admissible, if it be discreetly and artistically perpetrated. The wholesale appropriation of valuable news collected by the labour and capital of another to that other's direct detriment is conduct which cannot be "glozed with a text," or explained in a periphrasis. Honourable men have only one word for it, and that word is both short and disagreeable. Whether Mr. Burleigh was justified in obtaining evidence against the defendants by bribing one of their servants may be questionable, but is perhaps scarcely relevant.

It is, of course, absurd to measure the damages which a plaintiff has received by the amount specified in his statement of claim. The two have often no sort of relation. But the ten thousand pounds demanded by the Central News would scarcely have been excessive if they had made out their case. The action is interesting, if on no other ground because it is believed to be the first of the kind which has ever been brought. The plaintiffs had consequently some difficulty in shaping their claim so as to avoid being met at the outset by some legal objection which could not be got over. They said that the defendants promised to convey all messages entrusted to them with secrecy and speed, and that they broke their contract in both respects. But in any case they said that the Exchange Company had enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Burleigh's telegram, and was therefore liable to pay for it. They further charged conspiracy, but the Chief Justice ruled that there was no evidence of it. It is obvious that for the purposes of the case there was very little real distinction to be drawn between the two Companies with which Sir James Anderson was connected. It was essential to the argument of the Central News that they acted in concert, or rather collusion, with the intention and result of fraudulently benefiting the Exchange

Company at the expense of the Central News. The suspicion of the Central News that its messages were being tampered with was first excited in a curious way. One Atti Hassan had been hanged for the murder of two Englishmen in the riots which preceded the bombardment of Alexandria. The Central News described the cutting down of his body by natives, who were said to have buried it in the tomb of a holy Sheikh. The story was contradicted in a country paper, and the Central News telegraphed to Alexandria to make further inquiry. The telegram elicited a repetition and confirmation of the account; but it also had other consequences, of a still more interesting character to the Central News. For scarcely had the inquiry been sent when the Exchange Telegraph Company published a statement, as from Alexandria, that the story was true. No explanation of this strange coincidence could be obtained by the Central News, but the charge of fraud has been definitely withdrawn. Questions asked about the announcement of the victory at Tel-el-Kebir did, indeed, meet with a prompt response. The Exchange Company, it was said, had a Correspondent at the seat of military operations, and he had been so fortunate as to anticipate Mr. Burleigh. Mr. Burleigh, however, being communicated with, denied the existence of any such Correspondent; and the Central News failed to procure either his name or a copy of his message.

There is an old saying, which is often illustrated, that one story is true until another is told. The defence of the Eastern Telegraph Company was no less curious and interesting than the plaintiff's case. They did not deny that the news of the battle which they sent to the Exchange Company was taken from a telegram sent over their wires. But they said that that telegram was not Mr. Burleigh's. This would of course be a complete answer to the action brought by the Central News. It would scarcely in itself absolve the Eastern Telegraph Company from the unpleasant imputation of betraying its customers by tampering with their messages. The Company, it should in fairness be said, went much further than that. They did not merely allege that the Central News was not the party aggrieved. They contended that they derived their knowledge from a public source, and that therefore no injury was done to any one. In this view they were supported by the Lord Chief Justice, who took from the first a very strong, some might say an unjudicially strong, line in favour of the defendants. In Lord Coleridge's opinion the case was settled by the evidence of Sir Charles Wilson, who had charge of the Intelligence Department in Egypt during the campaign. Sir Charles Wilson telegraphed news of the battle to Sir Edward Malet at Alexandria, and it is from that message that the Eastern Telegraph Company professed to have derived their information. Mr. Benjamin Smith admitted that, as soon as he saw Sir Charles Wilson's telegram, he at once forwarded its contents to Sir James Anderson, whom he knew only as Managing Director of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and not as connected with the Exchange Company. Sir Charles Wilson's message Mr. Smith regarded as public property, inasmuch as it contained news of universal interest, and as Sir Edward Malet, immediately after receiving it, posted it up in the Rameh Palace. To explain the resemblance between Mr. Burleigh's telegram and that published by the Exchange Company, Sir Charles Wilson was called, and he said that in his official capacity he had authority to read all telegrams, and had, no doubt, read Mr. Burleigh's, though he had previously heard of the engagement from another source. Mr. Benjamin Smith stoutly denied that he had delayed Mr. Burleigh's message, explaining that it would have reached its destination earlier if Mr. Burleigh had been less copious, or if he had sent the facts first, and his comments on them afterwards. Examination certainly shows greater similarity between the Exchange Company and Sir Charles Wilson than between Mr. Burleigh and the Exchange Company. Neither Sir Charles Wilson nor Sir Edward Malet appears to have felt any objection to the divulging of Sir Charles's telegram. Lord Coleridge took the very unusual and somewhat irregular course of reading a letter from Sir Charles Wilson in explanation of his evidence, and threatened to adjourn the trial for Sir Edward Malet's attendance, if Sir Edward's correspondence with Mr. Smith was objected to. He thus did everything in his power to assist the defendants.

But they did not require much help. The simple explanation which they offered really disposed of the whole case, though they would have done better to offer it before they came into court. The plaintiff's counsel had to recede from a great portion of their own contention, and to admit that one of their principal witnesses was perjured. The jury found that the Exchange Company's message was taken from Sir Charles Wilson's, and that Mr. Burleigh's telegram had been neither appropriated nor delayed by the defendants. Thus the charge of fraud legally breaks down. It appears that the Central News telegram, if it was milked at all, was milked through the medium of Sir Charles Wilson's, and this, it seems, is legal. Whether it is not only legal but satisfactory is a further question.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S AMERICAN TOUR.

OF the three distinguished Englishmen who set out to invade the United States of America in the early autumn of last year, Lord Coleridge made the shortest stay and was the first to come back; Mr. Matthew Arnold lingered longer, and was delivered of three lectures, and returned home laden with spoil; Mr. Henry Irving paid the longest visit, and travelled the furthest,

and was the last to set sail for England. In one sense, at least, the visit of Mr. Irving was more important than the visits of Lord Coleridge and of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The Lord Chief Justice of England and one of the best of English critics went to the United States alone, and they represented themselves only. But Mr. Irving was accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and by the whole of the fine and strong company of the Lyceum Theatre, with the noble scenery and elaborate properties which we are accustomed to see at the London theatre which Mr. Irving directs with so much shrewdness and with so high an artistic aim. The visit of the Lyceum Theatre company, headed by Miss Terry and Mr. Irving, was thus more representative than the visit of the other English celebrities which preceded or accompanied it. The performances given in America by the Lyceum Theatre company have been fairly representative of the best that England has to offer in the way of theatrical entertainment. It is pleasant to know that these performances have been abundantly successful from a pecuniary point of view, and that their many artistic qualities have been frankly and fully recognized by the American playgoing public.

As good evidence as one could wish of the hearty welcome and prompt success of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company generally is to be found in the fact that the route of the company had to be rearranged so that a return visit could be paid to the principal cities. The first performances were of course given in New York, and from New York the company went to Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago; and in all these cities a second engagement had to be made at the sacrifice of promised performances in smaller towns. Neither *Hamlet* nor *Much Ado about Nothing* was acted during the original engagement in New York, the four weeks of which were taken up with *The Bells*, *Charles I.*, *The Lyons Mail*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *Louis XI.*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. It was in Philadelphia that Mr. Irving first acted *Hamlet* in America, and it was in Boston that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry gave their first performances in America in *Much Ado about Nothing*. These two plays were reserved for the second engagement in New York, but such was the immediate and lasting success of *Much Ado about Nothing* that *Hamlet*, although repeatedly announced and as often postponed, was finally abandoned, and Mr. Irving left the United States without having had an opportunity of acting *Hamlet* in the chief city of the New World. There can be no stronger proof of success than this, except the announcement that Miss Terry, Mr. Irving, and the Lyceum company return to America next autumn for another seven months' tour of the United States. There are even rumours afloat that Mr. Irving contemplates the erection of a theatre in New York, and that he may hereafter divide his year between England and America. All English travellers in the United States bear witness to the warmth of their welcome at the hands of the Americans; and it is a rare thing when a traveller has experienced this warm welcome once that he does not long to repeat the experiment. Terrapin and canvas-backs and gumbo are enticing delicacies; and there is perhaps some magic quality in the sparkling water of the Croton Aqueduct in New York, as in the plashing stream of the Trevi Fountain in Rome, to which legend assigns the property of bringing back to taste again and again all who have tasted once. *Qui a bu, boira.*

It is at once amusing and instructive to notice how the American critics passed through the same phases of opinion in regard to Mr. Henry Irving as an actor—from doubt to ardent admiration—which we have seen in the English critics. In London the process of conversion from hostility to respect has sometimes seemed slow and laborious as Mr. Irving appeared in one part after another. In New York the operation was of necessity very much more rapid from the circumstances of the case, play following play in quick succession, and giving no time for adverse opinion to solidify into prejudice. There were doubts after Mr. Irving's first appearance in New York, which was in *The Bells*. These doubts were not wholly and altogether removed after his performance of his next part, *Charles I.* But they slowly resolved themselves away as *The Lyons Mail* and *Louis XI.* followed. It was in these two plays that Mr. Irving made his most pronounced success personally and as an actor in the United States. And of these two plays *Louis XI.* has plainly been the more popular, in spite of its lugubrious thinness, because it affords the actor most striking opportunities, of which he avails himself to the utmost; indeed, we incline to the opinion that it is in this play that Mr. Irving has had his moments of highest achievement in the United States. The popularity of *Louis XI.* is the more remarkable in that Miss Ellen Terry does not appear in it. In *The Lyons Mail*, in the dual character of the Good Man and the Bad Man, Mr. Irving achieved a success second only to his success in *Louis XI.* The only objection we have heard urged against this double performance was to the effect that Mr. Irving's Good Man was so good, so very, very good, that he is altogether too good for this earth, and that, therefore, it is a great artistic blemish to remedy the judicial error, and to spare Lesurques's life when there was so excellent an opportunity of getting rid of him for ever.

In spite of the personal success of Mr. Irving in *The Lyons Mail* and in *Louis XI.*, and in spite of his lesser success in *The Bells* and in *The Belle's Stratagem*, there has been expressed now and again a feeling of regret that he should waste his ingenuity and his high histrionic intelligence on plays of so little significance and of so little value. It is really in the two Shakespearian plays which Mr. Irving produced in New York, in *The Merchant of Venice* and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, that Mr. Irving's extraordinary skill as a manager and as a stage-manager has been seen to its

fullest advantage. *The Merchant of Venice* has not been acted of late in New York, save by Mr. Edwin Booth and the strolling company which has lent him inadequate support. The symmetrical and artistic presentation of the play at the Star Theatre by the Lyceum company received instant and ample appreciation at the hands of the public. Even in the best days of Mr. Booth's theatre *The Merchant of Venice* had not been put on the stage in better style, and of a certainty it had not then been better acted in its minor parts, all of direct importance and significance in Shakspeare's comedy. It was at Booth's Theatre, too, that the most recent performances were given in New York of *Much Ado about Nothing*; but, in spite of the vigour and grace of Mr. Booth's Benedick—more robust and more of a roysterer than Mr. Irving's presentation of the character—the earlier production was less effective than the later, because Mr. Irving's company is stronger and more varied than was Mr. Booth's, and more especially because there is in Mr. Irving's company a most charming and winsome representative of Beatrice in the person of Miss Ellen Terry. It is in the fine and rich performance of these two plays—*The Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado about Nothing*—as we have already said, that the press and public of New York, and indeed of the other chief cities of the United States, have seen the highest achievement of Mr. Irving as a manager; and it is with the greatest interest, therefore, that they look forward to the representation of a third Shakespearian comedy by the Lyceum company. Mr. Irving has already announced his intention of producing *Twelfth Night* during his forthcoming season in London, with Miss Ellen Terry as Viola, and with Mr. Irving himself as Malvolio. After the performances of *Twelfth Night* at the Lyceum Theatre here the scenery and costumes and properties will be sent to America, that the play may be produced there with the same completeness which characterizes all Mr. Irving's revivals in his own theatre. Since the death of Adelaide Neilson the only Viola before the American public has been Mme. Modjeska, whose representation of the part, highly interesting as it was, and highly intelligent as are all the performances of this delightful actress, was, however, quite as un-English and as un-Shakespearian as Signor Salvini's performance of Hamlet. As Malvolio no actor has made any mark of late years, and Mr. Irving's performance of a character rich in unconscious comedy may be anticipated with a pure joy.

The second American tour of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company will begin at Quebec on the last day of September next. The company will appear in Boston for three weeks in October, and again for two weeks in February. It will act in Philadelphia for a fortnight in December, and for a week again in February. And it will appear in New York for four weeks in November, and again for four weeks in March.

ARCHÆOLOGY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE festival which was celebrated last Tuesday at Cambridge may be truly said to mark an epoch in the history of one of our two greatest Universities. Even in these days of short memories, many who witnessed the opening of the new branch of the Fitzwilliam Museum must have recalled with wonder the spirit which hardly a generation ago would have made such a celebration impossible. It is true that learning, and the dignity of the scholar's life, have never failed to be recognized at Cambridge; but the conception of learning was till a recent time pitifully narrow, when compared with the broad ideas of those who shaped the modern University system of Germany. Still, all intellectual culture has a natural tendency to expand itself. A man who works sincerely even on narrow lines finds, as he gets on in his work, that he lacks something which others have acquired, and which he himself has failed to learn. And he finds that in order to supplement what is wanting in himself he has to go to men whose opinions and associations are widely different from his own. All real thought and study tend to get broader. The objects of all thought and study are so interlaced that no one branch of knowledge can grow far without crossing another. So long as the spirit of investigation is alive, however limited it may at first be in its range, it is certain to move on from one subject to another, and to grow by what it feeds on. There is still undoubtedly much to be done in order to make the studies prosecuted in the older Universities as catholic as we should wish them to be. But it is no longer the case that, in order to find competent instruction in many important branches of knowledge, the English student is forced to leave his native country and to acquire a foreign language. There is still much to be bettered among us, in this respect, as those who have done most to widen the range of our studies are often saying. One still opens a German *Universitäts-Calendar* with a feeling of envy at the manifold opportunities which are offered to the young German of acquiring knowledge of every kind, and, which is not less important, of acquiring it first from one eminent teacher, then from another who perhaps views his subject from a wholly different standpoint, and then again from a third. When once the full significance of this latter aspect of the question is understood we shall assuredly see a change in the habits of University life in this country. As it is, many who have passed through Oxford and Cambridge go abroad and spend a year or two at one or more foreign schools of learning, and do so with the greatest advantage. But want of means and the necessity to begin at once the bread-winning work of life make this impossible for the majority

of students. Still the movement in England is all in the forward direction, and no more striking evidence of it could be found than in the opening of the new adjunct to the Fitzwilliam Museum last Tuesday.

The new building lies near to, and behind, Peterhouse and the Fitzwilliam. The space at the disposal of the architect, Mr. Basil Champneys, was limited, and did not admit of the effect which he has attained in other buildings in Cambridge; but he has made the best and most practical use of it. Beside the lecture-room, in which the opening ceremony was held, stand, on the one hand, the museum of classical and, on the other, that of general archaeology. In the former are collected casts of the most important remains of Greek and Roman plastic art now scattered among the many galleries of Europe, including some of the most important of those recently discovered. It is only by means of such collections that ancient sculpture can be properly studied. In none of the great galleries of original works can the development of classical sculpture be half as well seen as in a judicious selection of copies taken from among them all and assembled together on one spot. For teaching purposes such a collection as is now made at Cambridge, and as we hope will be multiplied throughout the country, is indispensable. No reading and no verbal instruction can dispense with the actual sight of a work of art. It must be there before the eye, either in the original or in a fair copy, before we can know anything about it. It is true that a man may learn to talk glibly and plausibly about it by reading and drawing on his fancy. We remember the case of a man who playfully, in the last days of April some years ago, drew up an imaginary critique of the pictures in the Royal Academy for that year. The illusion was perfect. All the familiar qualities of one well-known artist were brought before us. We seemed to see the pictures on the walls; we seemed to admire the discriminative skill of the critic (who was, in fact, no bad judge in such matters) in showing us how here success was attained, and how here the painter had attained and there had fallen short of his high ideal. But none of the pictures were ever really painted. And we can recall another case in which a practised art-critic, without ever having seen it, maintained in a periodical of high reputation the authenticity of a disputed picture of the time of the Renaissance against those who had studied it with care and who held it not to be genuine. So easily does imposture entwine itself with art-criticism. But for a real knowledge, and, we may say, for even an intelligent appreciation, of art, and especially of plastic art, such collections as that just opened at Cambridge are of the first importance. In sculpture the cast far more truly represents the original than all but the very best copies in painting. Owing to the difficulty of reproducing colour and the thousand *nuances* which, in pictorial art, go to make up facial expression, most copies of great pictures only move the resentment of those who love the originals. In sculpture the cast comes far nearer to the original work, and serves only to re-awaken the pleasure with which we first saw it. Few, again, of those who love art can see all the chief collections in Europe, and few of those who can are able to carry away in their memories a vivid and exact record of all that they have seen. For the study of classical art, in all its forms and developments, such a collection as this is better than any one of the great galleries of Europe, because it shows in a methodical form, as they cannot do, the course of this art from its earliest to its latest stages.

The opening of the new branch museum passed off most pleasantly. The Vice-Chancellor having called on Professor Colvin to speak, the latter explained at considerable length the history and objects of the new archaeological movement at Cambridge; and Mr. James Russell Lowell, who followed in a speech full of tact and brilliance, was able to say, with justifiable pride, that no small share in that movement was due to his countryman, the present director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Dr. Charles Waldstein, who has for four years been working with equal zeal and success in winning for this subject its due recognition in the University. Sir Frederick Leighton spoke for the Royal Academy, and Mr. Newton for the British Museum. The conclusion of his speech, in which he said that one of the things that he had most desired all through his life had that day come to pass, will linger long in the memories of those who heard it. Mr. E. B. Tylor, with a pleasantry fully appreciated by the audience, told them that archaeology was after all only a branch of anthropology (on which subject the students at Oxford have now the advantage of his teaching), and threatened them, if they did not behave themselves with propriety towards the greater science, with being squeezed into the last chapter of all books on anthropology. Mr. E. A. Freeman amused, but did not surprise, his audience by suggesting that the Elgin marbles ought to be carried back to Athens, and their place supplied by plaster casts. He would doubtless also denude the National Gallery of all pictures except those by English masters, and have their places taken by copies. These gambols of the learned Professor of History at Oxford were not, however, taken seriously by anybody present. We want in England as many original masterpieces as we can get; but we want also to supply the place of those which we have not, and to multiply those that we have, in order that Greek art may be properly understood. Near as casts can come to the original, there is still a difference between the best copy and the marble as it came from the hands of Phidias. In the interests of Greek art it is good that, while much of the best remains on Greek soil, much also is scattered over Europe. It is thus not only

placed in a safety which it would not find in its native home, but it is put within the reach of the world at large. Among others who spoke on Tuesday last at Cambridge may be mentioned the names of Lord Houghton, Professor Jebb, and Dr. Charles Waldstein.

The new branch of the museum, as we have said, is devoted to general as well as classical archaeology. The Cambridge Antiquarian Society has here placed what it has gathered of Saxon and Roman remains collected in the districts of Cambridge. Casts from the forgotten cities of Central America taken by Mr. Maudsley are also to be found in the collection, and Baron von Hügel, who will take charge of the general department of archaeology, has contributed much material of great interest from the South Sea Islands. The collections, valuable as they are still, are at present only in their infancy. We have only to remember what the British Museum and the National Gallery once were, and what they now are, to see how a movement set on foot with energy and intelligence may develop. The present movement in Cambridge could not be under better guidance than that of those who now lead it. Even at present the objects exhibited in the new building are not by any means all that the Museum owns: and, as time goes on, the diligence and liberality of those interested in archaeological research will not fail to add to it fresh treasures. For the present, we can only most heartily congratulate the University on the acquisition which it has made to its educational resources, and trust that more and more every branch of human knowledge may be as well represented in Cambridge as in any other University in the world.

PRINCE KUNG.

ONE of those killing frosts which occur in the career of most statesmen, more especially in Eastern empires, has fallen upon Prince Kung. As to the exact cause of his disgrace, whether it be due to the failure of his negotiations in Tongkin or to the intrigues of his enemies, we have no authoritative statement. We see only the puppets on the stage of Chinese politics, and can but vaguely guess at the forces which pull the wires. Now and again we see a prominent figure struck down; but of how the bolt was forged which laid him low, or whose was the hand which loosed it, we know nothing. Rumour says that speculation and mismanagement of affairs were the principal causes of the Prince's fall, and though these, either separately or conjointly, are good and sufficient grounds for the dismissal of a Minister, yet it is quite possible that they may be but the stalking-horses improvised by his enemies to compass his overthrow. The venality of Chinese mandarins is almost universal, and though Prince Kung has always been held to be comparatively clean-handed, it would doubtless be far from difficult to bring evidence of an itching palm against him. As to the charge of political mismanagement, the course of events in Tongkin is enough to give colour to it, and it is probably this which is weighing him down to the ground.

The report that consciousness of disgrace had induced the Prince to commit suicide is fortunately without foundation. Had it been true, the event would be of the highest importance, as showing that the Prince, and those with whom he had been accustomed to act, believe the political tide running against them to be of such strength that their official careers must be considered as virtually over, and all attempts to stem the current to be useless. The Prince has held office too long, and has been temporarily stripped of his official honours too often, to let a mere turn in the wheel of fortune disturb his mental equilibrium. Twice has the *Peking Gazette* proclaimed to the world his disgrace and deposition, as a warning to proud and ambitious servants of the "Son of Heaven," and as often has he, Antæus-like, risen from his fall stronger than ever.

With the exception of these very brief intervals, the Prince has directed the destinies of the Empire for the last four-and-twenty years. To him belongs the honour of having introduced the new era of international relations which has revived the fortunes of his country, has rendered comparatively powerless the seditious elements in the provinces, and has strengthened the position of the Government in the face of the world. When called from the seclusion of the palace to save, if it were possible, the throne of his brother, the Emperor Heen-fung, he found the armies of England and France marching on Peking, and the Taiping rebels in possession of the richest provinces of the Empire. With true Oriental instinct, he attempted, when first opening negotiations with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, to cajole them into foregoing their most pressing demands, and was still hoping to succeed when the French troops appeared before the walls of the Summer Palace, which was at that time his residence. This sudden and quite unexpected arrival of the enemy made flight a necessity, and with one or two faithful retainers the Prince scaled the back wall of the palace grounds, and escaped to the mountains, leaving one of his suite behind to watch events. Thus left to his own resources, this officer betook himself to a small pavilion at the back of the grounds. For many hours he remained undisturbed, and when at last he heard footsteps approaching, he lit his pipe in assumed indifference, and turned his chair towards the wall. The first to enter were two Sikh soldiers, who looked round the room in search of valuables, and not finding any, retired without doing more than glancing at the motionless figure in the corner. "And then," to quote the words of the mandarin himself, who related the episode

to the writer, "there came in a French soldier. He also searched the room, and seeing that I was smoking, he took the pipe out of my mouth, and broke off the jade mouthpiece and went his way. I then thought it was time to follow the Prince." This he did, and thus was able to be present on the notable occasion when, on the 24th of October, 1860, the Prince, as the representative of the Emperor, ratified the English and French treaties.

Prior to these events Prince Kung, who is the fifth son of the Emperor Taou-kuang (1821-1851), had led the obscure life of unemployed prince, and it is much to his credit that he was able to sustain with dignity the part of Regent under circumstances of sudden trial and difficulty. At the time of his signature of the treaties the Prince was but twenty-eight years old, and he may be excused, therefore, for having appeared "anxious, hesitating," and "overpowered with fear," when putting his hand to documents which were so big with the fate of his country. Habit, however, soon gave him confidence in dealing with foreign affairs, and though he is reported to have been somewhat addicted to the pleasant vices, he devoted himself with untiring diligence to the study of international questions. At this time his position was one of unusual difficulty. His brother, the Emperor, was surrounded at Jehol by advisers whose main endeavour was to upset the treaties, while at Peking he was daily confronted by the Ministers of England and France, who showed no disposition to forego any of the privileges which had been wrung from the Chinese with so much squeezing. So long as the Emperor's health remained sufficiently good to enable him to direct affairs Prince Kung's influence was strong enough to induce him to support the treaties; but when, in the following year (1861), "he ascended on a dragon to be a guest on high," the position of the Prince and his colleagues became one of imminent peril. Already a decree had appeared which purported to have been issued by the dying Emperor, by which his only son, Tsai Ch'un, aged six years, was proclaimed the heir-apparent, and eight of the most pronounced enemies of Prince Kung were nominated to form a Council of State. In these ominous circumstances the Prince hastened to Jehol to attempt to win the Empress over to his views. In this he was successful; and, supported by the seventh prince, Prince Ch'un, who is now said to have supplanted him, and other Ministers, he was able to hold his own until the arrival at Peking of the newly-enthroned boy-Emperor in the November of the same year. On the approach of the Imperial *cortège* the Prince went out to greet his nephew, and was met by the members of the Council, who refused to allow him to enter the presence. The Prince however, strong in the support of the Empress, threatened to fight his way in with his escort if his path were barred. The Councillors, surprised and cowed, allowed him to pass, and he entered the capital in the company of the Emperor. The supreme moment had now arrived when the power, and even the life, of the Prince were to be thrown into the balance with those of his enemies. The slightest hesitation at this crisis would have enabled his opponents to grind him to powder; but he showed no sign of flinching. On the first assembling of the Council he entered the chamber and read to the astonished Ministers a decree prepared by Prince Ch'un under the direction of the Empress, in which the listeners were accused of having, by their "vicious policy," entailed on the country the miseries of war and its attendant evils, of having shown a disobedient and rebellious spirit towards the Empress Regent, and of having hastened the end of the Emperor by preventing his return to Peking. After detailing these high crimes and misdemeanours, the decree sentenced the three principal offenders, Prince I, Prince Ching, and Su Shun, to be stripped of their official rank, and the other Ministers to the loss of their councillorships. Having read this document, the Prince put to his audience the crucial question whether they meant to submit to the mandate or not. Unprepared for an act of open rebellion, the Councillors answered in the affirmative, and, leaving the chamber, hurried to the palace to remonstrate with the Empress. They evidently had not realized that their strength had gone from them, and by their protest to the Empress they filled up the full measure of their official guilt. The ringleaders, Prince I, Prince Ching, and their colleague Su Shun, who was on the road to the capital, escorting the body of the late Emperor, were forthwith ordered to be arrested. The first two were at once seized, and Prince Ch'un and Prince Jui were sent to effect the arrest of Su Shun. It was commonly believed that this man was the prime mover in the political intrigue against Prince Kung, and that it was mainly he who had led the Emperor into the debauched habits which shortened his life. He himself was notoriously an evil liver, and the sum of his iniquities was complete when Prince Ch'un on entering his chamber was confronted with the most unmistakable evidence that, even when performing the solemn duty of escorting the Emperor's remains, he was accompanied by his harem.

In China there is no room for compromises in an emergency of this kind. It was a duel to the death, and Prince Kung could only be safe from his enemies when they were in their graves. Fortunately he could depend on powerful official support, and at the same time the popular voice in the capital was loud against his opponents. In these circumstances it may well be imagined that the trial of the three culprits had little to do with their fate. Their sentences were already prepared, and after a short shrift the two princes were strangled in their cells, and Su Shun was beheaded like a common malefactor on the public execution ground.

Prince Kung appeared now to be firmly seated in power, and

the suppression of the Taiping rebellion added lustre to his administration. But his success brought with it disgrace. The power he had been able to wield with the assistance of foreigners alarmed the Empresses Regent—the mother of the young Emperor had been associated with the Dowager Empress in the Regency—who, having experienced the lengths to which ambitious, headstrong Ministers might go, saw, or fancied they saw, in the Prince "an arrogance and a disposition to overrate his own importance" which required checking. The Chinese world was therefore suddenly informed, through the columns of the *Peking Gazette*, that the Regents had deemed it advisable to dismiss the Prince from office. Then followed negotiations, apologies, and explanations such as are probably now passing between the palace and the Prince's residence; and at the end of a few weeks a decree was issued restoring him to his former office, at the same time warning him "not to forget the remorse and contrition felt this day." From this time foreign questions began to usurp the importance formerly belonging to domestic affairs. The French Minister paid frequent visits to the Foreign Office to complain of outrages committed on Roman Catholic priests and their converts in outlying provinces of the Empire, and questions of trade furnished materials for brisk correspondence between the English Legation and the Yamen. These international difficulties were concisely summed up in Prince Kung's valedictory speech to Sir Rutherford Alcock, which concluded with these words:—"If you would only take with you to Europe your missionaries and your opium, there would be no more trouble in China." The Tientsin massacre, which occurred a year later, bore striking evidence to the reality of one at least of these causes of trouble in China; and it required all the tact and wisdom the Prince had at his command to prevent armed reprisals for the murder of the French consul, priests, and Sisters of Charity. It was on the occasion of these negotiations that a divergence of views between the Princes Kung and Ch'un first became apparent. Ch'un sympathized with the rioters; but, fortunately for China, he had not then sufficient power to make his support of much value to his *protégés*. On the audience question, also, he is credited with having strenuously opposed the admission of the foreign Ministers into the Imperial presence without the introductory *kotow*. On these and other practical political questions Prince Kung successfully withstood him; but he has not been, and in a country like China no Minister can be, beyond the reach of private personal malice. Possibly out of revenge for their defeat on the audience question, Prince Ch'un and his confederates in 1874 induced the young Emperor Tung-che to degrade Kung on the charge of having used "language in very many respects unbecoming." But it is a noticeable fact that, though in China the backstage influence of hostile courtiers may be sufficiently strong to inflict temporary checks on Ministers, it is only when the honour of the country has been sacrificed and her territories snatched from her that their fall implies ruin and disgrace. This makes the difference between the degradation of Prince Kung just spoken of, which lasted only twenty-four hours, and the present crisis through which his political fate is passing. He alone has been ultimately responsible to the country for the negotiations with regard to Tonquin. That he has been unsuccessful in his policy there cannot be a doubt; and a weapon has thus been placed in the hands of his enemies which they well know how to use. That Li Hung-chang is, as has been reported, using his influence in the Prince's favour goes without saying, as these statesmen—the most enlightened in China—have acted together through all the phases of the Tonquin question. In fact, the struggle now going on within the palace walls is a struggle between light and darkness, between an intelligent foreign policy and a return to the dark days of political seclusion and contempt for the foreigner.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—II.

TAKING the pictures at the Grosvenor in the order of the Catalogue, the first to be noticed is Mr. Robert Bateman's "In the Sacristy" (4), a study of marble and other "properties" of considerable power. A deacon in a cassock is drawing water from a Renaissance fountain to wash the sacred vessels. In front is a well-painted group of flowers. Mr. Bateman excels in flower-painting. In the small room he has a "Geranium and Great Master Wort" (344), which is a marvel of imitative art. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Startled" (9) is the view of a sandy bank covered with underwood, from which a child has frightened a very shadowy rabbit. Mr. Gregory only contributes one other picture, also a landscape, "Marlow Backwater" (151), and we look in vain for one of his figure studies, or even a portrait, either here or at the Academy, where he is represented by a single picture, "Intruders" (178), swans and children, in which also landscape is predominant. It is impossible to say anything in praise of Mr. Robert Browning's large and empty landscape, "From an Islet in the Valley of the Meuse" (12). Nor is it easy to admire his coarse and vulgar statue, "Dryope fascinated by Apollo in the form of a Serpent." According to Mr. Browning, Apollo admired a short, stout, thick-waisted woman, with a hideous face. We do not intend to deny the power of the artist in modelling, but only to find fault with his taste. Mrs. Tadema's "Birthday" (18), a group of children assembled at, presumably, mamma's door, is hardly so satisfactory as "Tiny Elizabeth, you must not leave us" (19), in which properties and pathos are mingled with great

skill. The sick child and its anxious mother would be enough to touch the feelings, without the beautifully inlaid bedstead and the embroidery and silk. Altogether this is a charming little picture, over which it would be but too easy to linger. Mr. Boughton's "Cutting Herbage—Brabant" is not so interesting as his stirring and dramatic view in the Royal Academy, thus described in the Catalogue:—"A village below the sand dunes; high tide; breach making in the dyke, Island of Walcheren" (458). The frightened villagers, hurrying in the teeth of the wind from their houses, actually below the sea-level, and the great waves and heavy sky, are admirably represented, and stand quite apart from any other work that we remember by Mr. Boughton.

Returning to the Grosvenor Gallery, we observe a very fine study of the nude by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, "Soft Persuasion" (24), two children on a sandy shore, the elder endeavouring to induce her little sister to take the plunge. His "Hauling Cants—Coast of Cornwall" (78) is more a landscape than a figure-picture. Mr. Weguelin's "Bath" (28) is not so pleasing a study as "Persuasion," but firmly drawn and brightly coloured. Mr. Napier Hemy contributes a powerful sea-piece, "Tipping a Shrimp Trawl" (29). As this artist puts off the peculiarities of his early years he emerges with great knowledge and ease. The technical part of this picture is simply marvellous. His "Trammel Net Catch" (99), at the other end of the room, is also very good. We have already mentioned with praise Mr. Calderon's exquisite "Aphrodite" (38), which occupies the place of honour at the end of the Large Room. It is flanked by two important portraits. Mr. Holl's "James Spicer, Esq." (33), and Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Parker, M.P. (42), are both solid and satisfactory; but, on the whole, commonplace, as are many of the portraits this year, both here and at the Academy, and especially those of Mr. Herkomer. His great picture of this year is in the latter exhibition and will disappoint his admirers. To our eyes it appears not only an unpleasant subject unpleasantly treated, but it is not equally finished. It represents the miseries of German emigrants landing in America, and is entitled "Pressing to the West—a Scene in Castle Garden, New York" (1546). The face of a sick woman on the left is fine, but a baby which crawls across the floor is only half-painted, and several other figures are similarly mere sketches, or even less. Mr. Herkomer's contributions to the Royal Academy number four, all but this one portraits; and to the Grosvenor Gallery he sends five, all portraits. Mr. Schmalz, an artist of great promise, seems also to draw too largely on his resources. He has here three highly finished pictures—the "Queen of the May" (43), "Felice" (141), and "All is Vanity" (142). The second of these is the most pleasing, being a small but very complete portrait of the lady who figures in most of his pictures. "All is Vanity" contrasts badly with Mrs. Alma Tadema's sick child. Mr. Schmalz surrounds his subject with everything that wealth can give, health only being desired. It is a painful and unpleasing picture. At the Academy Mr. Schmalz has two pictures, one of them a very ambitious failure, "Too Late!" (827), which represents a dead girl on a bed, against the light, and her father, or husband, in a fantastic costume suggestive of Danes and Vikings, coming in at the door, and staggering in horror. The light and shade are well managed, and the whole effect is impressive to a certain extent, but not very far; and it is evident from the details that Mr. Schmalz has exceeded his powers, and has much yet to learn. "All is Vanity" is hung at the Grosvenor over one of Mr. Alma Tadema's portraits of which we made mention last week, and does not bear the comparison. Mr. Strudwick is another disappointing painter. It is not pleasant to find fault, yet in "The Ten Virgins" (45) we see such an evident striving after Mr. Burne Jones, and such a complete failure to reach anything like his level, that it would be wrong not to record it. There is much to admire in the picture. The landscape is excellent, the figures very graceful. But, just to point to a single item in the sum of shortcomings which abound in the picture, let us look for a moment at the brickwork of the house. Those are not real bricks, and look like the painted sides of a child's Noah's Ark. Mr. Strudwick should study the highly-finished wall and arch in Mr. Fahey's "Love Sett" (93). Had Mr. Burne Jones painted such a subject, his bricks would have been portraits as well as his figures. Mr. Strudwick's second picture is much prettier. It is called "A Story Book" (193), and has a lovely Italian landscape background, while the figures are not unpleasing, especially the dancing group in the middle distance.

"The Indenture" (55), by Mr. Cyrus Johnson, represents a mother apprenticing her son to a London merchant. The scene is well worked out, the details being of what is now called the Queen Anne period. The picture is small and highly finished. We have already noticed Mr. Millais's fine portraits of Lady Campbell. No 57 was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, a child in white seated on a Japanese pottery garden seat; No. 62 was painted very lately, and shows the young lady grown up. Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Meadows by the Avon" (60) is a good and warmly sunny landscape. Mr. Hughes shows two of the decorative panels in which he so greatly excels, "Peaches" (63) and "Blackberries and Haws" (75), and, in addition, he has in the other room a wonderful picture, on a silvered ground, "The Song of the Seabirds" (185). Every one who has taken a voyage remembers how the gulls sometimes crowd the air in the wake of a ship, and fly across each other and up and down in confusion, sometimes approaching quite close and at others lagging far behind. This familiar scene Mr. Hughes has contrived

to catch with great skill, but why he should not have put in the natural background of sea and sky, does not appear. Mr. Orchardson's "Farmer's Daughter" (85) is mannered and unnatural. We must praise Mr. Rooke's careful little portrait of Miss Honor Brooke (91). The Countess Feodora Gleichen sends a very good "Study of a Donkey's Head" (92). Mr. Sydney Hall's "Descent upon Italy" (96) shows a soldier, in what passes on the stage as ancient armour of an uncertain period, "tobogganing" down a mountain. It would take more power of drawing and painting than Mr. Hall shows in this picture to make such a subject pleasant. The same artist sends also portraits of the three youthful Princesses of Wales (231), which is poor and flat and unflattering. We cannot find any fault with Mr. Caldecott's sketch of "A Young Hussar" (101), except that it is only a sketch. Mr. Prinsep's "Little Bookworm" is a very pretty study. A little girl in deep mourning sits on a footstool in a library in full side-face, and pores over a large book. The flesh-colour is very delicate, and the subdued tone of the picture is in pleasant contrast to the crude reds and greens in which Mr. Prinsep usually delights. We have noticed already most of Mr. John Collier's portraits here, but not that of Mrs. Peck (95), a lady standing before a light-blue silk curtain, a masterpiece of drapery-painting. Mr. Burne Jones's decorative square picture of Daphne is entitled a "Wood Nymph" (104), and is very harmonious. It is impossible not to think of two pictures of very much the same size, shape, and subject by Mr. Rooke which hang in the outer room, "Daphne Flying from the Sun" (229), a study in violet and green; and "Clytie Turning Towards the Sun" (240), a study in scarlet and green; both of which would be more satisfactory but for the unusual and striking ugliness of the faces. Over Mr. Jones's "Nymph" is a curious half-empty canvas, by Mr. G. F. Watts (105), "Rain Passing Away." The great white cloud is gradated and brought to a point of highest light in a way perfectly marvellous. Mr. Watts also sends five pictures hung together. The portrait of Lord Salisbury (132) is the most satisfactory, and that of Lord Lytton (134) rather less so. We confess to caring very little for "Uldra" (133), for "Alice" (136), or for "The Happy Warrior" (135), all more or less allegorical, and at the same time more or less incomplete. Mr. George Howard's two landscapes are full of rich colour, and assert themselves even among so many figure-pictures. "The Walls of Rome" (108) is very small; too small, perhaps, to do justice to a great subject. "The Rookery" (116) is much larger, and shows a great advance on any work of Mr. Howard's we have yet seen. Miss Dorothy Tennant, in her "Naiad" (118), is more like M. Henner than ever; but her "Broken-hearted" (140) is very feeling and delicate, only it is a question if such pictures should ever be painted. Mr. Lehmann sends several pictures, both of figures and landscape, the most interesting being, perhaps, a portrait of Miss Amelia Lehmann (107), which shows how soon the influence of the Reynolds Exhibition has begun to tell. The same must be said of Mr. Sant's very pretty portrait of the sister of the present Duke of Portland (120). Such are the chief pictures in the Large Room of the Grosvenor; but our remarks should be closed by an apology for not noticing everything, or nearly everything. There are pictures in particular by Mrs. Jopling, Sir Robert Collier, Mr. Topham, and some others which we could easily dwell on. In the other rooms are many fine works, to which we hope to return on a future occasion.

THE ORIENTAL BANK FAILURE.

THE failure of the Oriental Bank Corporation was not unexpected, though it was hardly looked for so soon after the general meeting of shareholders. The Corporation was one of the very earliest of the Eastern banks, and it quickly obtained a very large and highly profitable business. At the time of the American Civil War the price of its shares on which 25% was paid, there being a reserve liability of 25% more, was as high as 70*l.*, and dividends of 20 per cent. were distributed. In consequence the credit of the bank stood so high that deposits were poured into it in perplexing amounts. The Eastern trade was then much smaller than it is now, and the bank found it difficult to employ in legitimate banking business the whole of the deposits attracted to it. The directors were tempted, therefore, to extend unduly the field of their operations. They covered with branches, agencies, and sub-agencies India, China, Japan, Ceylon, and the Mauritius; they also extended their operations to South Africa, Australia, and even South America. In the nature of things a business so widely distributed could not be properly superintended from the head office in London, and a wide discretion had to be accorded to local managers. Very often the discretion was not well used. The principles of banking are very simple, but in practice a bank manager requires to be prudent and cautious. Prudence and caution are scarce qualities, and they are especially difficult to secure in subordinate positions in such climates as those of India and China. But, unless managers have been trained in the East in subordinate positions, they want the experience that fully qualifies them for their position. Not seldom, therefore, the managers were hardly fitted for the posts they occupied, and they entered upon risks that proved disastrous. The Directors themselves also committed serious mistakes. Not only did they unduly extend the field of their operations, until the control of the bank practically passed out of their hands, but they engaged in a kind of business which is not strictly banking

business at all. For example, they brought out loans for the Chilian Government. This is a kind of business that properly belongs to houses such as Messrs. Rothschilds and Messrs. Baring, but not to a joint-stock bank. The transaction proved an unfortunate one. The war between Chili and Peru caused a heavy fall in Chilian bonds; and, as the loans brought out by the bank were not fully subscribed for by the public, it was left with a large amount of the stock upon its hands. This stock depreciated seriously during the war; and, in deference to the outcry of the shareholders, the Directors sold it at a heavy loss at the very most unfavourable moment, when Chilian credit was unduly depressed by a naval defeat.

Misfortunes aggravated the effects of mismanagement. The fall in the value of silver caused by the demonetization of silver in Germany and the discovery of rich silver mines in America caused a heavy depreciation in all the securities held by the bank abroad. The bank, it will be understood, raised its capital and borrowed most of its deposits here at home in gold, and it invested both capital and deposits chiefly in securities valued in silver in the East. When, therefore, the value of the rupee fell from 12. 10½d. to 12. 7½d., all silver securities fell in the like proportion, and some of them fell in a much greater proportion. As long as the capital so employed remained in the East, it is true that the depreciation was of no practical moment, but whenever it became necessary to bring back capital employed in the East, the loss made itself heavily felt. If the Directors at that time had been wise, they would at once have written down the value of their silver securities to the current value of the day; but they postponed doing so until the loss assumed very large proportions. Another circumstance which aggravated their position was the coffee disease in Ceylon. At one time the bank did a very profitable business in Ceylon, the coffee industry being highly prosperous. But, partly in consequence of a disease in the coffee-plant, and partly because of the rapid extension of coffee cultivation in Brazil, the coffee industry in Ceylon became depressed, and the losses of the bank were very severe. The bank advanced largely both upon produce and upon the security of the coffee plantations, with the result that in many cases it had to foreclose and take possession of the properties. These have since cost it much money to keep in working order, and have proved entirely unprofitable. As the bank could find no independent purchasers of these plantations, it founded a Company, called the Ceylon Company, for the purpose of taking them over and gradually realizing; but the Company has been unfortunate almost from the outset. The capital has been called up and spent, and the Company for years has been kept alive only by the Oriental Bank; as a matter of course, it has failed as soon as the Oriental Bank suspended payment. In Mauritius also the bank was very unfortunate. The great industry there is sugar, and, as we explained last week, the price of sugar has been steadily going down for years past until it is lower now than it has ever been known to be. The losses in consequence by the bank have been very large. In South Africa likewise, owing to the political disturbances that have prevailed there for years past, the bank lost heavily. At the late meeting of shareholders the chairman estimated the total amount "locked up" in Ceylon, Mauritius, and South Africa at about two millions sterling; in other words, it has sunk money there to that amount in properties which cannot be sold, though probably at some future time they may prove to be very valuable.

The Directors postponed recognizing facts as long as possible, but the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank at length forced them to look their situation in the face. Since then they have been energetically endeavouring to repair past mistakes. They have admitted and made provision for the depreciation of capital invested in silver securities; they have acknowledged fully the unsaleable character of their holdings in Ceylon, Mauritius, and South Africa; and they have contracted greatly the field of their operations. They retired altogether from South Africa, making over their business to a new bank started for the purpose, which, however, did not take upon itself any of the liabilities of the Oriental Bank Corporation. They have closed several agencies and sub-agencies, and, we believe, also some branches; and, generally, they have restricted their business as much as possible. Lastly, they have cut down expenses in a most rigorous manner. It may be doubted whether they have not gone too far in this latter respect. It is to be feared that by reducing their staff they seriously crippled the efficiency of the bank, and led perhaps to further losses which might have been avoided had the bank been fully manned. Some months ago the Directors came to the conclusion that even these measures were not enough, and they promoted a Bill in Parliament to enable them to reduce by one-half their subscribed capital. The capital actually paid up amounts to one million and a half sterling, and the Directors admitted that the unrealizable assets abroad amount to about two millions sterling. They estimate, however, that these assets, though unrealizable at present, will in the long run prove to be of the full value at which they are now estimated, and they considered, therefore, that if they made a provision for a possible depreciation of 25 per cent., they would have done all that at the worst would be requisite. By cutting down, therefore, the capital to three-quarters of a million sterling, they were enabled to propose to write off half a million sterling as possible depreciation of the assets held abroad, leaving them another quarter of a million to provide against the depreciation of silver securities. Unfortunately, the full disclosures that they had to make alarmed both

shareholders and depositors. So late as the middle of January last the shares were selling at about 13½; they fell, however, last month to 5½; and though they rallied for awhile, they again fell on the eve of the suspension. This steady fall to about a fifth of the actual paid-up amount of the shares, and to about a fifteenth of the market value of the shares twenty years ago, showed that there was no chance of raising additional capital. The bank could not be kept alive, as the chairman admitted at the last meeting, without some new capital, and when the shareholders were anxious to get out of their liabilities even at the sacrifice of 20% out of every 25% paid, it was clear that they could not be induced to subscribe additional capital. And if the shareholders would do nothing to keep the bank alive, it was not probable that the outside public would come to their relief. Similarly, the depositors at last got alarmed. At the end of December last the deposits still amounted to 6,696,938½, which was within about three and a half millions sterling of the amount in 1879. It will be seen that up to the end of last year the confidence of the depositors had been wonderfully sustained, considering the alarming rumours that have prevailed in the City during the past six years. But when the full statement of the bank's affairs came out, the depositors at length got alarmed, and the withdrawals assumed very large proportions. At the meeting on April 24 the chairman said that every fall in the shares was telegraphed out from London to the East, and that immediately deposits were withdrawn. These withdrawals at length became so serious that, coupled with the fall in the shares, the directors came to the conclusion they had no course before them but to close their doors. There is talk even now of resuscitating the bank under a new name; but we fear there is little chance of carrying the proposal into effect. Long before a new bank can be founded the business of the old one will have passed to other institutions; and it is not likely that either the existing shareholders or the outside public will be willing to invest money in founding a new Eastern bank. In the meantime the opinion of the City is that large numbers of the existing shareholders will be unable to pay the calls to be made upon them, and that, in consequence, the solvent shareholders will have to pay the full 25% per share to which they are liable. At the end of December last the total liabilities of the bank to the public amounted to nine and three-quarters millions sterling, and a little over one and a half millions more were due to the shareholders, making the total liabilities eleven and a quarter millions sterling. On the other side of the account, bills of exchange amounted to about two and a quarter millions sterling, bills and notes to 2,900,000½, and loans and advances to 3,470,000½. How much of these are readily realizable it is impossible to say. The chairman may have been quite right in estimating that the unsaleable assets did not exceed two millions sterling, supposing that the bank had been able to hold its ground and to continue working. But, now that the bank has suspended, it may not be possible to realize at once much of what the chairman considered good. All this, however, is for the present only speculation. It will be a considerable time before the actual state of affairs can be ascertained. In the meanwhile it is much to be desired that the liquidation should be taken out of the hands of the official liquidator and entrusted to some of the officials of the bank, with a strong committee of inspection. They would understand the whole business, and would have local knowledge as well as experience. They could therefore conduct the liquidation more expeditiously and more cheaply than an official liquidator could.

THE RIVALS AT THE HAYMARKET— DEVOTION AT THE COURT.

ADVERTISEMENTS in the daily papers have for some time past set forth, and a paragraph in the play-bill repeats, with what desire Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero have been actuated in arranging *The Rivals* for production at the Haymarket. They have been guided by "a desire to heighten the effect of the Author's play without encumbering its action." Their desire is certainly not fulfilled. On the contrary, they have lowered the effect of the author's play to an extent which is really remarkable, considering how good a play it is; and they have encumbered the action so lamentably that the action more than once breaks down under the load of encumbrances and entirely ceases. "For this arrangement of the comedy Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero are jointly responsible," we are advised, and we must add that their responsibility is a heavy one. It is not demanded that Sheridan's work should be treated with reverential regard. "A few transpositions in the dialogue and some variations of locality" might have been excused or justified if the transpositions and variations did not totally destroy the coherence of the plot and the gaiety of the action. What we object to are transpositions which weaken the comedy and variations of locality which make it absurd. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero recognized one grand object when they set about the task of arranging *The Rivals*—which, after all, Sheridan had himself arranged with some dramatic aptitude, though the two people in question do not think so. The episodes might be inverted, the thread of the story tangled, the characters blurred, what the author made natural might be made preposterous, if only the grand object could be attained—a way found "to avoid

shifting the scenes in view of the audience." But why should not scenes be so shifted? The play is of more importance than the setting. Sheridan left behind him an admirable comedy, carried on by just a dozen personages through a number of most diverting scenes, in which dialogue and incident are of equal excellence. A shifting of scenes is occasionally indispensable; but Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero evince a curious preference for dropping a curtain, instead of "letting down" or "running on" a view of a street in Bath or of the North Parade, and the author is made subservient to the scene-painter or the stage-carpenter. We are far from denying or questioning the completeness with which the two gentlemen who are responsible have pursued their mistaken path. We are ready to believe implicitly that the very under-clothing of the sedan-chairmen who appear in the first act is copied from the best authorities; that the oil in the lamp of the watchman who crosses the stage, and says that it is "past eight o'clock and a fine night" is some ante-paraffin compound which was generally adopted more than a hundred years ago. The curtsy which the flower-girls make as they offer bouquets to the passengers who have just alighted from the coach may be, and very likely is, a most exact reproduction of the curtsy of the period. We do not doubt that the pole-hook and terrets which the ostler is cleaning at the end of the stable-yard are off a veritable coach. Our only complaint lies in the fact that all these incidents of which the first act is mainly composed have nothing to do with Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, which the management has undertaken to produce. The first act of the play, before Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero heightened the effect, was really an excellent piece of construction. Fag, Captain Absolute's servant, and the innominate Coachman who had driven Sir Anthony to Bath, met and discussed the situation; that is to say, they put the plot in train, stated why all the characters have met in the city, described Jack's father—"hasty in everything, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute"—and gave the cue as to Lydia Languish. Then Julia and Lydia meet. Lydia explains how her ridiculous old aunt has fallen absolutely in love with an Irish baronet, and how she carries on a correspondence with him under a feigned name, a Delia or a Celia. The silly old woman and Sir Anthony then discuss their project of the marriage between Jack and Lydia; so that when the curtain falls, the interest has been started and the diverting complications of the plot set going. But this was only poor Sheridan's crude idea. The effect had not been heightened to the elevation of the Bancroft-Pinero standard. Fag and the Coachman do meet, it is true, in the version which this pair of very responsible gentlemen have been so good as to amend; but their conversation is so hampered by black boys, sedan-chairmen, watchmen, ostlers, flower-girls, and others, that the dialogue goes for nothing. One never knows whether the librarian or the fruiterer will not speak next, and so attention is not concentrated on the explanatory sentences. Then Lydia's maid, Lucy, comes from the library, and gives a letter to the gentleman who is recognized by experienced playgoers as Sir Lucius. But at this period, in the new version, Lydia has not told the story of her aunt's folly, the spectator has not been permitted to see the "old weather-beaten she-dragon" who writes love-letters signed "Delia." The fun of the idea when Lucy delivers her epistle to Sir Lucius is therefore completely lost; for Lucy's identity is not obvious, and how thoroughly the needy Irish baronet, who believes himself to be corresponding with Lydia, is being befooled is not suggested. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero are wrong in supposing that the guaranteed accuracy of the cut of the Coachman's breeches—from researches made in Bath and in the British Museum—compensates for the loss of all Sheridan's rare humour.

The absurdities continue. No scene is changed in view of the audience; let that be granted for what it is worth. But, to avoid such changes of scene, we not only find Acres writing his challenge to "Beverley" in the New Rooms—in a chamber most thoughtfully vacated by the visitors to the Spa—but actually Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop arrange the match between the young people, and the lovers themselves are brought together, in the public apartment. All this should, of course, take place in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings. Why should not half a score of men stalk into the tea-room where the pair of elders and pair of young people are assembled? Did Mr. Bancroft persuade Mr. Pinero that this did not matter, or did Mr. Pinero assure Mr. Bancroft that they were heightening the effect at this juncture? Let us see how they proceed to carry out the most desirable object of not encumbering the action. Sir Anthony in the highest spirits (we are speaking of Sheridan's Sir Anthony, not of Mr. Pinero's), having, as he supposes, smoothed the lovers' way and seen all well, declares that he "should like to have a little fooling" himself, and gaily hands Mrs. Malaprop off, singing as he goes. The stage direction says (LYDIA sits sullenly in her chair), and then follows, or rather then should follow, an admirable comedy scene between the lovers. Lydia is indignant that there is to be no elopement after all; Captain Absolute pleads that "a little wealth and comfort may be endured." The whole situation is in the truest feeling of comedy; but Mr. Bancroft thought the effect of it wanted heightening. So there is an awkward pause. Silence for a moment reigns supreme. The curtains which divide the room where Jack Absolute and Lydia are seated from a room behind are drawn; a number of guests who have all too obviously been waiting their cue throng in, and a gavotte is danced. The principals cannot be left out, so the lovers forget their quarrel. Sheridan is put aside, and Mr. D'Aubon for the time completely supplants him; Mr. D'Aubon, it must be

added for the benefit of those who have an acquaintance with English dramatic literature, but are less versed in the *personnel* of the pantomime stage, being responsible for the arrangement of the dances. The gavotte itself is graceful and quaintly pretty; but is it not absurd—cannot even Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero see that it is absurd?—thus to interrupt one of the most vital scenes of the comedy, and not only to interrupt it, but entirely to destroy its significance, by causing the lovers who were on the eve of quarrelling to patch up a truce and postpone the expression of their feelings till Mr. D'Aubon gives the signal for the resumption of Sheridan?

This resumption, it should be distinctly understood, is as far as the players can resume it, and for the most part this is but a very little way. We were about to remark that Mr. Pinero's Sir Anthony was ludicrous, but this would be to imply that it was to some extent laughable, and such an implication would be very wrong. There is not a shade of reality in his passion. Instead of the bluff, unctuous, hearty old man with all his violent impulses on the surface, Mr. Pinero shows a dapper reflective little person, who bears no sort of resemblance to Sir Anthony. When Fag declared that the old baronet was "hasty in everything, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute," he made an excellent criticism. The personage presented is not hasty in everything, and it is not Sir Anthony Absolute. How utterly Mr. Pinero misconceives the character he endeavours to play is best shown in the scene where Sir Anthony enters looking "plaguy gruff," as his son says, and begins with the speech "No; I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him"—how every line shows the spirit and self-will of the brave old baronet! He continues, "He's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more—never—never—never—never!" Will it be believed that as Mr. Pinero utters these "nevers" he adopts a soft, pathetic tone, as if picturing to himself a deserted, childless old age? Beyond this, misconception surely cannot go. Mr. Forbes-Robertson makes Captain Absolute a prim and peaceful young gentleman. One feels that his conduct in every relation of life would be exemplary. He makes a mistake, perhaps, in sitting down while his father is standing, for in that ceremonious age a son would not have seated himself while his father stood; but this is a minor matter. The whole performance, indeed, is very minor, if the phrase be allowed. Fag again (Mr. Elliot) is not as formal as a servant would have been. He leans easily on the back of a chair while talking to his master, and a servant, even if admitted to his master's confidence, would have preserved a bearing of respect. Mr. Bancroft and Mrs. Bernard-Beere make the scenes between Faulkland and Julia as little tedious as possible. These parts are well done; and Mr. Brookfield's David is a careful bit of character-acting, thrust into no undue prominence, and therefore the more effective. His dialect is faultlessly preserved. Mr. Alfred Bishop is somewhat faint and feeble as Sir Lucius; but Mr. Lionel Brough's Bob Acres is, with Mrs. Stirling's well-known and altogether excellent Mrs. Malaprop, the salvation of the comedy. We have seen it stated that Mr. Brough is too boorish and extravagant; but we certainly do not think that he was so on the first night of the play. He was, at any rate, irresistibly comic; and if at times he became grotesque, a country squire a century since may well have been such a figure as is here presented, while the stage directions at times oblige Acres to be farcical. It was curious to note how, when Mr. Brough and Mrs. Stirling appeared, the audience stirred from a condition of semi-somnolence, and laughed heartily; and, oddly enough, these were the passages the effect of which Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero had not heightened. We see, on reference to the playbill, that Miss Calhoun played Lydia Languish. It made no sort of impression on us, and we have really forgotten what her Lydia was like, beyond a general notion that it was not much like Lydia. On his first appearance Mr. Bancroft was hooted by a number of roughs in the gallery because they had arrived at the theatre before the hour announced for the opening of the doors, and had been caught in the rain. As the victim of so stupid an insult, we sympathize heartily with the manager. As regards the comedy, however, we sincerely trust that Mr. Bancroft may never again be actuated by a desire to heighten the effect of any standard play, and that he will abjure the fatal assistance of Mr. Pinero.

Devotion, as Mr. Dion Boucicault, junior, calls his adaptation of MM. Lockroy and Badou's *Un Duel sous Richelieu*, is one of the many plays of French feeling and origin in which the three familiar figures of French romance—husband, wife, and lover—fill the principal places. The work is more than half a century old; indeed, it was in 1842 that Donizetti's opera *Maria di Rohan*, founded on the story, was first produced, at Vienna. There are some fine moments in the play, which, however, the adapter has not improved by the invention of a first act, showing what could be readily explained and what in a few sentences is explained in Lockroy's piece; for to Lockroy alone *Un Duel sous Richelieu* was originally attributed. In this first act we have the marriage of Marie de Monbazon to the Duc de Chevreuse, whom she respects, but does not love; and the return of the Comte de Chalais, to whom her heart was given, but who has been parted from her by ill-fortune. It is a piece of sadly crude construction which brings the lovers together by making Chalais walk in unexpectedly just before the bride leaves the church, by herself to stroll about the grounds of the chateau some time before the completion of the marriage service. This was the bad old fashion of an earlier day, to invent the

"situation" and take no thought as to how it might reasonably be brought about. In this act much is seen of the young Abbé de Gondi, whose ambition it is to be unfrocked in order that he may marry a certain Mlle. Geneviève; and the flippant young priest is the motive power of the work, for it is he who whispers scandal of the Duchesse de Chevreuse. Chalais indignantly contradicts the slander, and thence follows the challenge to the duel between Gondi and Chalais, that gave the name to the original work. It is a merit of *Devotion* that it increases in strength as it progresses. The complications of the third act are notably ingenious. Chalais, the King's favourite, has for a time supplanted Richelieu, but the Cardinal has returned to power thirsting for vengeance on his rival. This Marie knows, and she visits the Hôtel Chalais on the morning appointed for the duel, to urge her lover to fly. While she is there her husband, who is to second Chalais, arrives; Marie is hidden in a curtained recess, and it is of course in the recess that Chevreuse desires to seek a better sword than that which Chalais has chosen. The incident is old no doubt; when Marie concealed herself it was inevitable that Chevreuse would come near to discovering her; but the danger—which would give so totally incorrect an aspect to affairs, for Marie and Chalais are innocent of offence—is averted. The fact of their innocence strengthens the episode. The Duc being gone, Marie renews her entreaties to Chalais to fly and save his life from Richelieu; and the result is that, detained by her, he fails to reach the appointed spot before Chevreuse has taken the principal's place and in the combat which ensues has been wounded by Gondi. Chalais follows, and arrives in time to avenge his friend and his friend's wife; and then comes the dramatist's difficulty. How is this to end? Here is the woman beloved by both men. Her husband is noble and worthy; her lover is no less so—the word lover, in fact, is perhaps ill chosen; for Marie and Chalais may both say in Racine's harmonious line, "Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cœur." Nevertheless, whatever poetic justice may demand, dramatic exigency is supposed to require that one should perish, and Mr. Boucicault has chosen to sacrifice Chalais. Having fled, he returns to justify Marie. As he enters the Hôtel Chevreuse, where the Duc is waiting sternly, and the Duchesse in agonizing terror, for his arrival, he is shot and mortally wounded; and he dies, after convincing Chevreuse of the truth. The costume of the period is extremely picturesque if only the actors can wear it, and most fortunately for the chances of the piece Mr. Conway, one of the few players who is easy and natural in such a garb, has been secured for the part of Chalais. To speak of his dress first is, however, to do him some injustice; for Mr. Conway enters into the spirit of the character and realizes it with singular success. The actor has perhaps never been seen to greater advantage. He is always gallant and earnest, tender to the woman he loves, quietly dignified before his adversaries. The total absence of that self-consciousness which is the bane of most representatives of romantic parts cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Conway forgets himself, and only remembers Chalais. Mr. Clayton must also be warmly commended for his manly and unaffected performance of Chevreuse. The display of suppressed emotion has lately been the subject of much banter. Not the less is it a valuable quality, as Mr. Clayton proves during the scene in which Chevreuse waits with his wife the arrival of the man he regards as her betrayer. A very competent Marie is found in Miss Ada Cavendish. There is a certain impulsiveness in her playing of passionate incidents, an apparently unstudied energy—the result necessarily of very much and careful study—which is extremely telling. On these three the drama depends. Miss Venne, as Geneviève, has only to be pert and playful, and she can be very pert indeed. Mr. Boucicault's Abbé de Gondi is in no way remarkable. A misconception has arisen about this part. It has been stated that it was originally played by a woman, and that Déjazet had filled it. The original Gondi was a M. Taigny, and, so far as we know, it has never fallen into a woman's hands. The confusion has probably arisen from the circumstance that Déjazet's name is associated with *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*; but this is quite another play, and quite another Richelieu.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

OLD TOASTMASTER opened the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket by winning the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate for Lord Zetland, beating Zadig, the winner of the Metropolitan Stakes, by a length. Lovely was made the favourite for the Visitors' Plate; and there was some interest in the race, because at the Craven Meeting Lovely had beaten Splendor, and Splendor had beaten Lovely, and now the pair were to fight out the rubber. As often happens in such cases, neither of them won. Lovely came with a rush at the distance, but she was too late to catch Xarifa and Dalmeny, although she left Splendor far behind. Baron Hirsch gave 1,000l. for a two-year-old filly by Hampton, called Glimmer, before the race for the Maiden Plate, and she won it, but by a head only, after a fine race with Menevia and Pompey. The Duke of St. Albans' two-year-old Clonmel, by Julius, showed a great deal of his sire's vile temper in his match with Lord Cadogan's Lovely. He bolted before the race and ran very unkindly in it, losing by five lengths. The Duke of Westminster's Whipper-in, by Hermit, a useful handicap horse, who had won

each of the races for which he had started this season, only took the Prince of Wales's Stakes by a head, but he won in good style.

The racing on the Wednesday, with the exception of the Two Thousand, which we noticed last week, was exceedingly poor and uninteresting. Three of the recent purchases at Lord Falmouth's sale ran during the day. Prince Maurice, an own brother to Dutch Oven, and a fine powerful colt, for whom Lord Hastings gave 500 guineas—a sum which he should be worth even as a country stallion—came out for the first race; but he was scarcely trained enough for the long Cesarewitch course, over which the race was run, and he was tired out half a mile from home. Saucy Boy, his only opponent, won in a common canter. In the middle of the afternoon came Harvester's disappointment, and in the last race of the day, the well-bred Little John, by Kingcraft out of Jannette, a two-year-old with rather a light middle-piece, that had cost 290 guineas on Monday, was very easily beaten by Arqua, who had run a good second for a Sweepstakes at the Craven meeting. There was a heavy storm in the course of the afternoon, and the attendance was small for a Two Thousand day.

The weather on the Thursday was wretched, and the number of spectators was extremely limited. The Stud Stakes was won by Laverock, the winner of the Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes. This two-year-old belonged to Mr. Dawson, who trained for Lord Falmouth. Last year Mr. Dawson had won the same race with his filly, Reprieve, and immediately afterwards he had sold the winner for 2,000l. to the late Lord Grosvenor. After the race on this occasion he again sold the winner for exactly the same price, to Baron Hirsch. Camlet, who had been backed on the previous day for the Derby at 1,000 to 30, came out for the Welter Handicap. Last season he had won half a dozen races, and he had run third to Scot Free and the Sister to Adelaide filly at Sandown, when giving each of them 15 lbs. He is a handsome colt, but he is generally considered short. The terms on which he was now meeting his opponents were terribly against him, but they were a poor lot. He ran very badly, finishing eight lengths behind Dean Swift, while Rout beat him by a head for second place. There was a race on the same afternoon for the old-fashioned whip. Last autumn, the Duke of Hamilton challenged the Duke of Beaufort, who held the whip, with City Arab, and the Duke of Beaufort accepted with Faugh-a-Ballagh, who won the race by twenty lengths. This spring the Duke of Hamilton again challenged the Duke of Beaufort, naming Medicus as his champion, and the Duke of Beaufort again accepted with Faugh-a-Ballagh. Medicus, it will be remembered, had been an extraordinarily strong favourite for the Cesarewitch last year, and had run third in that race to Bendigo and Tonans. On public form it seemed as if long odds should have been laid on Faugh-a-Ballagh, but, for some unknown reason, the bookmakers accepted as little as 11 to 4. As soon as they had started on their four-mile journey, Archer took a resolute lead with Faugh-a-Ballagh. As much as a mile and a half from home Medicus was completely exhausted, and it was a mere farce for Faugh-a-Ballagh to canter slowly on, and eventually trot past the winning-post fifty lengths in front of his opponent. The day's racing was anything but brilliant, and the late Two Thousand, the approaching One Thousand, and the cold wind occupied people's attention far more than the sport of the afternoon.

The best public form shown by any of the fillies entered for the One Thousand Guineas was that of Queen Adelaide and Busybody. In the Middle Park Plate, when receiving 7 lbs. from Queen Adelaide, Busybody had beaten her by three lengths and a half; but a fortnight later, when giving Queen Adelaide 3 lbs., Busybody was beaten by a neck. This running offered a nice problem to students of public form, in the question whether Busybody or Queen Adelaide would now be the best at even weights. Queen Adelaide's defeat of Archiduc in the July Stakes, although by a head only, showed her to be a filly of exceptional merit. Two days later she had been unplaced to Superba, but that can scarcely have been her true form; nor could her being unplaced in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood be considered as any guide in estimating her merits, beyond the fact that every defeat increases the uncertainty of a racehorse running up to his best form on future occasions. Busybody's race in the Great Challenge Stakes with older horses, in which she beat both Tristan and Despair, was a proof that she was not merely a fast filly in a bad year, if any such proof had been needed. Her Middle Park Plate victory was much in her favour; but then Royal Fern, who had been second, only half a length off, had run very badly in the Two Thousand, thus throwing a certain amount of discredit on the form shown by the runners in the Middle Park Plate. Yet her chance for the One Thousand was considered a wonderfully good one, for 8,800 guineas were given for her on the Monday before the race, and she started first favourite. Whitelock, by Wenlock, out of White Heather, was another favourite for the One Thousand. This filly was certainly good-looking enough to win. At Goodwood, in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Knight Errant, who had run second to several good horses, was quite unable to make her extend herself. At Newmarket, in September, Knight Errant had beaten her by a head in a race won by Busybody by a length, but it was generally believed that she was not quite right at the time. Sandiway, by Doncaster, had won seven races as a two-year-old, and had earned more than 3,700l. in stakes. She had been unplaced in the July Stakes to Queen Adelaide, and also to Cherry in the Cheveley Stakes, and her victories had not been gained over any of the most successful two-year-olds of the season; but still there stood her long list of seven

successes against only two defeats, and the latter were almost too bad to be trusted. Wild Thyme, by Lowlander, had won five races worth more than 4,000*l.*; she had also been placed twice and unplaced once only. In different races she had beaten both the winner of the Two Thousand and the second in the Two Thousand. Legacy had won a couple of races and lost half a dozen. Altogether, the One Thousand was an unusually interesting race this year, and, small as was the field, it was of very high quality. There were only six starters, but they had all won races as two-year-olds. Legacy made the running during the early part of the race rather slowly, but the greater proportion of the pace was fast, and the race occupied a few seconds less time than any race for the One Thousand for some years past. Rather more than a quarter of a mile from home the six fillies were almost abreast, and then a beautiful race followed. Wild Thyme was the first beaten, and, as they began to descend the incline, Whitelock broke the line in front by taking a slight lead, while Legacy fell into the rear. Before reaching the Abingdon Bottom Queen Adelaide shot forward, and came into the Dip a neck in front of Whitelock. Whitelock then began to show signs of having had enough of it, and Busybody made her effort. There was a capital finish between Queen Adelaide and Busybody, while Whitelock was in close attendance, with Sandiway at her heels. At the winning-post Busybody was half a length in advance of Queen Adelaide, who was a length in front of Whitelock, and Sandiway was not far off. It was a beautiful and an interesting race, and the result seemed to show that the relative form of the fillies engaged in it had altered but little, if at all, since last season. Busybody is not entered for the Derby; but she is engaged in the Oaks, the Epsom Grand Prize, the Prince of Wales's Stakes and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and the St. Leger, as well as some ten other races. The breeding of Busybody, who is by Petrarch out of Spinaway, is interesting as a specimen of in-breeding, for she has a treble cross of Touchstone, a double cross of Venison, and probably a double cross of Voltaire, although it is somewhat doubtful whether one of her ancestors was by Voltaire or Starch. Queen Adelaide was much admired as showing great quality combined with plenty of size and immense power. Wild Thyme's early defeat must not be made too much of in calculating her chances in future engagements, as she had been eased in her work on account of a temporary ailment, and in the opinion of some judges she was a little "fleshy" when she ran in the One Thousand. The rest of the racing on the day of the One Thousand was almost as bad as the weather, which is saying a good deal.

So much has already been written about the sale of Lord Falmouth's racing stud, that we need only make a short notice of it. Long beforehand every one had prophesied that the prices would be extraordinary, and when it was over everybody said that they had been extraordinary. All this was true enough, but it might fairly be asked in reply, whether any man could take 36,000 guineas elsewhere and buy with them as many horses of the same class. Something over 3,000 guineas apiece was an exceedingly high figure for a colt and a filly, but they were considered, at the time of the sale, to be two of the best three-year-olds of the season, with great prospects of winning the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger. Six thousand each was given for a couple of very inferior three-year-olds many years ago, and 10,000*l.* was given one year ago for a colt who lost every race for which he afterwards started during the season. Ten thousand pounds were also said to have been asked for the first favourite for the late Two Thousand the day before the race. Then, although 4,000 guineas is a very high price for a two-year-old, even yearlings have been sold for sums approaching it, and Busybody had won almost that amount in stakes during her two-year-old season, while another filly had exceeded it by considerably more than 2,000*l.* On the other hand, Lord Exeter's conditions, under which Lord Falmouth's racehorses were sold, make horses that are likely to win very valuable races much dearer than might appear at first sight; for, although the seller makes himself responsible for the forfeits when they do not run and half the entrance fee when they do run, he receives only a third of the stakes when they win. If Harvester had been sold unconditionally, he would probably have fetched 10,000 guineas. A year ago another horse belonging to Lord Falmouth started for the Two Thousand at exactly the odds at which Harvester stood for that race at the time of the sale. This was Galliard, who won during the season very nearly the sum which was given last week for Harvester. But if Harvester were to win an equal amount this year, instead of repaying his purchase-money he would still be indebted to his owner to the amount of nearly 3,000*l.*, for something a little short of that sum would have to be repaid to Lord Falmouth under Lord Exeter's conditions, as the seller's share in the horse's winnings. As far as Busybody is concerned, she has already reduced her price from 9,240*l.* to 7,240*l.*, and half a dozen of the sixteen races for which she is yet engaged were worth nearly 18,000*l.* last year, and will probably be worth as much this year; so she ought to have ample opportunities of repaying her purchase-money with interest before the winter sets in. Nevertheless, if Harvester should succeed in winning one of the great three-year-old races, and do well at the stud, it is far from impossible that before he dies he may prove the best bargain of the two three-year-olds which astonished the world, last Monday week, by fetching 9,000*l.* or more apiece. Then what would his purchaser care for his cost if he should win the Blue Riband of the Turf? Even a representative of a long line of Earls was distinguished above all

the other Earls of his race as "the Earl who won the Derby," and it is esteemed almost a greater honour in this country to own the winner of that scamper round Epsom Downs than to win a great battle.

The Chester Cup was a chapter of accidents. Morgan, the jockey who was to have ridden Lord Rosebery's Cameliard—the first favourite, had been "wasting," in order to ride at the required weight, and he was so weakened by this process, that, after riding in the first race of the afternoon, he fell from his horse in a fainting fit. Then in the race itself the first time the horses passed the sharp turn into the straight, Beauty and Alban fell, and Beauty broke her leg. She was afterwards killed, but she had not been moved off the course when the horses that were running in the race came round the second time, and Cameliard, who looked very like winning, was jammed between the poor broken-legged mare and another horse. A second serious accident was just saved, but Cameliard was put out of his stride, and lost all chance of the race, which was won by Mr. Merry's Havock. The fame of Chester races appears to have vanished for ever, but Chester race-course still maintains its reputation for being one of the most dangerous in England.

THE ITALIAN OPERA—MR. CARL ROSA'S SEASON.

THE performances at Covent Garden this week have evoked an animation and interest that reflect something of old enthusiasm and past glory. Those who so insistently proclaim that Italian opera is a doomed institution, and has no *raison d'être* in art, should, after hearing Mme. Lucca in *Les Huguenots* and *Il Trovatore*, vary their pessimistic plaint or keep discreeter silence. The magnetic influence of pure vocalization can indeed never be annihilated by mere theories, however advanced or however interesting and novel; when, however, attempts are made to ignore its supremacy, it is satisfactory to record the hearty recognition of Mme. Lucca's brilliant impersonations on Saturday and Tuesday. On Saturday, as Valentina in Meyerbeer's opera, Mme. Lucca displayed her unequalled union of vocal and dramatic talent, receiving excellent support from Signor Mierzwinski as Raoul, Mlle. Tremelli as Urbano, Mlle. Leria, who made her *début* as Marguerite, and from Signori Cotogni, De Reszké, and Monti. It was, however, in her splendid impersonation of Leonora on Tuesday that Mme. Lucca most completely vindicated the pre-eminence of the vocal art in lyrical drama.

The most satisfactory points in the representation of *Faust* on Monday were the performances of Signor de Reszké as Mefistofele, and of M. Devoyod as Valentine. Both these artists possess fine voices and great executive skill, and both are excellent actors. The success of M. Devoyod during his first season last year in the part of Valentine, as in *L'Africaine* and *The Flying Dutchman*, was equally manifested on the present occasion; his Valentine is an admirably finished study, his acting distinguished by thorough consistency and truth, his style of singing singularly expressive and dramatic. The Mefistofele of Signor de Reszké, while deficient in the verve and profound intellectual grasp of M. Faure's unique impersonation, is yet an interpretation full of intelligence and vivacity. It expresses, however, too much of one uniform phase of humour, which, admirable in the first two acts, becomes inappropriate as the action progresses and the tragedy deepens; the conception of Mefistofele as a *bon garçon* is justifiable only within certain limitations, and Signor de Reszké fails to express the more elusive *nuances* of the character—the irony, malice, and deep-witted nature of the Protean fiend. Mme. Durand's Marguerite cannot be considered a successful interpretation, though it was of course endowed with considerable dramatic vitality; its excellence was chiefly displayed in the church scene and in the last act. Either from indisposition or other causes Mme. Durand's voice has not the freshness and purity of last season; her rendering of the music of the garden scene, and particularly in the exacting jewel song, was deficient in brilliancy as well as facility of execution. Neither was the Faust of Signor Marconi vocally efficient, though the singer contrived to animate his acting with much of the tenderness and delicacy that should find expression through the voice. His invariable practice of forcing his upper notes is both inartistic and ineffective, and was productive of ruinous disenchantment in the love music of the garden scene. Mlle. Tremelli sang and acted well as Siebel, and Mlle. Desvignes and Signor Raguer undertook the parts of Martha and Wagner. The chorus left much to desire, being almost inaudible in the first scene, and generally deficient in freshness and quality. M. Dupont conducted the opera, the orchestra rendering Gounod's masterpiece with irreproachable technique.

On Tuesday Verdi's very popular opera was given with a strong cast, including Signor Mierzwinski as Manrico, Signor Monti as Ferrando, Herr Gottschalk as the Conte di Luna, Mlle. Tremelli as Azucena, and Mme. Lucca as Leonora. There is probably no opera so thoroughly hackneyed as *Il Trovatore*, and none more entirely removed from the ideal of the advanced school of composers. The tissue of absurdities that make up the libretto, the false and jejune sentiment, the melodramatic nature of the plot, are not less opposed to that ideal than the abundance of airs and concerted pieces, all deliberately designed to express the utmost capacities of the human voice irrespective of dramatic propriety or progress. If these incontrovertible facts possess a tinge of the disadvantages to impersonators that many profess to believe, it considerably enhances the value and sig-

nificance of Mme. Luca's performance that by her dramatic power and incomparable singing they suffered temporary and complete effacement. Despite all untoward circumstances, Mme. Luca captivated the house, and her Leonora must be considered fully as dramatic, and in all respects as excellent, as her Carmen; the thoroughness of her impersonation, and its great range of expression, were remarkable. In the lighter music, as in the more dramatic, her success was striking; the animated cavatina, "Di tale amor," in the first act was given with most brilliant effect, which was greatly increased by the contrast presented by the singing of the two that follow. The pathos of "D'amor sull' ali" was finely contrasted with the agitation on hearing Manrico's lament, "Ah, che la morte"; and her passionate exclamation "Di te, di te scordarmi" expressed with intense power the anguish of the moment, even as her beating against the gate of the tower expressed her despair. The last scene was not less finely rendered, the sudden transition from hopeless grief to delight on learning from the Count that her lover should be spared was portrayed with wonderful force and nature. Signor Mierzwinski admirably seconded Mme. Luca, and was very effective in the air "Ah si ben mio" and in "Di quella pira," which was sung with great spirit and energy; his Manrico is peculiarly individual, and is a far more robust conception than is usual on the Italian stage. The Azucena of Mlle. Tremelli was also a notable performance. Herr Gottschalk, who appeared as the Count, has a good voice, but was rather heavy in style, and in the familiar romance "Il balen" he scarcely expressed the delicate sentiment with fulness. Signor Monti was the Ferrando, while Mlle. Sonnino appeared as Inez, and Signor Manfredi as Ruiz. Signor Bevignani conducted, and the representation, all things considered, was excellent.

On Thursday *La Gioconda* was repeated, the cast remaining as on the opening night, with the exception that Signor Monti replaced Signor De Reszké. Mme. Durand increased her reputation by her excellent impersonation of the heroine, a character she has evidently studied with the insight of profound sympathy, and which she interpreted with remarkable fulness and depth. In the trio with Barnaba and La Cieca in the first act, in the duet with Laura in the second act, and in the whole of the powerful final scene, her singing was characterized by intense dramatic force. Mlle. Tremelli repeated her success as La Cieca, and created a great impression by her exquisite singing of "Voce di donna" in the first act, one of the most beautiful numbers in the score. The Enzo of Signor Marconi is a far more notable performance than his Faust; the smoother music of Ponchielli suits his voice and style better than Gounod's, and he was consequently more at ease in his part, and sang with considerable effect the pretty and sentimental cavatina in the second act. Mme. Laterna as Laura filled a not very agreeable rôle with ability, and sang with good feeling and dramatic expression. The choruses were very well rendered, and the sailors' chorus, to which so much additional charm is given by the freshness of the boys' voices, was particularly well sung. Signor Bevignani conducted.

Mr. Carl Rosa, whose short season ends to-night, must not be permitted to depart without receiving a word of cordial acknowledgment of the excellent work he has been doing. The performances under his direction have been good individually and collectively. There is a unity of design about his operas which is no less pleasing than novel, and the secret of which probably is that, under the sway of an intelligent director, singers endeavour to interpret their composer rather than to glorify themselves. The artists of Mr. Rosa's company constantly advance. Miss Georgina Burns was only a short time ago a passably good vocalist, with little or no idea of sustaining a part, and especially a leading part, in an opera. Now she plays Gounod's Marguerite, amongst other characters, with earnestness and feeling. Miss Perry had still more to learn than Miss Burns, but has learnt almost as much. Four or five years ago either the Royal Italian Opera or Her Majesty's was regarded as in all respects superior to all other operatic undertakings; but it is certainly the fact that, besides Mr. Maas and Mr. Barrington Foote, who have been tried on the Italian stage and have not been found wanting (at any rate as singers), Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Leslie Crotty, Mr. Ludwig, and, if not overtaxed, Mr. Davies and Mr. Snazelle, would hold their own on any stage. No amount of ill-directed and overdone newspaper eulogy can conceal the fact that Mr. Augustus Harris has peculiar aptitude as a stage-manager. How much a good chorus and a good orchestra aid the general effect those who, in many opera companies, have had experience of bad choruses and bad orchestras can thoroughly appreciate; and in these important particulars Mr. Carl Rosa's pains to secure choristers and instrumentalists have been rewarded. A second hearing of Mr. Gilbert & Beckett and Villiers Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims* (for the production of which, as for that in former times of other English work, Mr. Rosa deserves most special thanks) more than confirms the good impression created on the first night of its production. The whole seems more coherent and ingenious. We trace more closely the continuity of thought. Here and there Mr. Stanford might judiciously lighten his score, which is in places over-coloured; and we are strengthened in the opinion that his second act is not in all details as good as he might make it, nor as short as he should. The love music has not the fervour and melody for which we look; but there are admirable passages in it; and to condemn an absence of melody in the first and third act is to confess that one has not listened or that one has not ears to hear. We note with satisfaction that a due meed of praise has been awarded to Mr. & Beckett's book, though

an evening paper has lamented the absence of spoken dialogue. The critic of the journal in question can scarcely have apprehended the scheme of the opera. We have previously spoken of the praiseworthy representation of *Carmen* with Mme. Roze as the heroine, and of an adequate performance of *Faust*. Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* has also advanced in popularity and strengthened its composer's reputation. Mr. Rosa's season has been most creditable to all concerned, certainly not least to Mr. Randegger and M. Goossens, the conductors.

REVIEWS.

SIBBALD'S INFERNO OF DANTE.*

MR. SIBBALD has had many predecessors in his work. Up to the present time there have been more than twenty English translations of the *Inferno* of Dante, taken either alone or in conjunction with the two other parts of his great poem. The earliest was that by Rogers in 1782 in blank verse, a little known but creditable performance. The latest was that by Mr. Warburton Pike in 1881 in *terza rima*, the employment of the leisure of a learned and hard-worked special pleader, one of the last of his race. Of them all two only are in prose—the excellent one by Dr. Carlyle published in 1849, which has been of so much use to all subsequent translators, and another of small merit by O'Donnell in 1852. Longfellow's and Pollock's versions of the whole poem are in blank verse, but line for line with the original, as also is W. M. Rossetti's of the *Inferno* only. Cayley, Ford, and others have used the triple rhymes of the original, of which Wright employed a bastard imitation; and Boyd's, the first English translation of the whole *Commedia*, is cut up most unsuitably into rhymed stanzas of six lines each. Cary's translation, which, like Pope's *Homer*, will probably always be the favourite with the generality of English readers, as the most successful poetical paraphrase of his author into their own language, is in unlettered blank verse, which altogether loses the form of the original without gaining the advantage of the greater literality afforded by prose.

It may be seen that the verse translations from the *Commedia* largely exceed in number those which are in prose, although Mr. Butler and the late Mr. Dugdale have both followed Dr. Carlyle's example, and have published prose versions of the *Purgatorio*, and it may be hoped that the former will before long also print his version of the *Paradiso*. Mr. Sibbald has, therefore, followed the lead of the majority of those who have been in the field before him, and has executed his work in *terza rima*, which, as strictly representing the form of the original, has almost paramount claims for adoption, if only the translator has the skill to use it, so as not to depart from the substance while intent upon preserving the form of that which he undertakes to present in another language. Professor Jebb, in the preface to his recent edition of the *Edipus Tyrannus*, which is accompanied by a prose version of the play, has well said that the principal virtue of a translation is absolute fidelity to the original, not to the letter at the cost of the spirit, but rather to the spirit as expressed by the letter. And he adds that metre will often exact sacrifices precisely at the points which test the highest fidelity—namely, the light touches by which the genius and art of the original are most delicately marked.

Mr. Sibbald may be much commended for the way in which he has observed the precepts and avoided the dangers thus enunciated. He has succeeded in producing a thoroughly readable English poem; the notes are good and fresh, and his work is entitled to take a high place among those of similar design. He hardly ever adds and never omits a word, or varies the veritable import of the original. His style is good, his vocabulary is that of the best modern English, without resort to archaisms or the "verbum insolitum" which the judicious writer has been wisely warned "tanquam scopulum evitare." His rhymes, too, are natural and unforced. The exceptions to this general commendation are few indeed. In the first canto and in another place the word "harassed" occurs as a dissyllable, with the accent at the end, and rhyming to "last," "cast," and "passed." "Dool" is a good Scots form for "dole," in the sense of "dour" or grief; and there are such verbs as "to drowse" and "to egress," although hardly in use. The proper names are almost always preserved in their Italian form, a difficult matter to manage in a metrical translation; but Jacopo da Sant' Andrea does not look so well to us in the form of James of St. Andrews as it may perhaps do north of the Tweed.

To pass on to other matters of observation on Mr. Sibbald's translation, it may be noted that in Cant. i. v. 106 he translates "*umile Italia*" as "humbled Italy," no doubt intending to convey Dante's opinion of its degraded political condition in his own time. But the epithet has almost always been supposed to have been borrowed from Virgil (*Æn.* iii. 522), where it can have no such meaning. In a note upon the allegorical significance to be given to Beatrice and Virgil, Mr. Sibbald exhibits the true and sensible spirit in which he has studied Dante when he says that the poem would lose its charm if the allegorical meaning of every passage were to be too closely insisted on. And he shrewdly adds that, worse than that, it

* *The Inferno of Dante Alighieri. A Translation. By James Romanes Sibbald. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.*

cannot always be found. In the same tone he dwells in another place upon the wisdom of not attempting to make out everything, and does not pretend to be able consistently to reconcile all the astronomical indications. "Vassal" for "*fidele*" (Cant. ii. v. 98) is a very happy and appropriate rendering of the word in its old Italian and technical sense. The famous inscription over the gate of Hell is not made to begin in its first three lines with the same words, as it does in the original, although a slight transposition in the second line would easily have secured this conformity. The word "uncouth" does not represent any of the epithets given by Dante to the sounds which meet the ear inside the grim portal, and is not justified by citing Boccaccio's comment that they were "like German," nor is the word strong enough for the context. A few lines onwards the more general reading is adopted of "*d'error la testa cinta*," instead of "*d'error, &c.*" Professor Lubin, in the prose paraphrase of his edition, has given a novel turn to this by making the passage indicate that Dante's hair was made to stand on end with terror round his head.

A new significance is given by Mr. Sibbald to the simile (taken from Virgil, as to its earlier part) in the Third Canto, in which the souls passing Acheron are compared in their multitude and unceasing succession to autumn leaves as they fall. They are compelled to cross by Charon's gestures or words of command, and Dante has added the comparison of their obeying the summons, one by one, to a bird's flying to a call. This has generally been taken to refer to the return of a hawk to the lure thrown up by the falconer, and the "*uo richiamo*" seems to favour this. But "*richiamo*" will stand as well for the note of a decoy-bird employed in netting birds, as still practised in Tuscany, and this certainly would be a more exact and appropriate simile in the particular passage than the other. Lubin also, in his notes, has taken the same view.

"Sparkling tide" is hardly a satisfactory rendering of the "*bel fiumicello*" which surrounds the castle in which are placed the shades of the great heathens whose virtues and distinction have saved them from a sentence to lower depths. The note on the line (v. 107)

Caina attende chi vita ci spense

suggests that it was spoken by Paolo and not by Francesca, for the reasons that it would more appropriately be placed in his mouth, and that in the next line the answer made to Dante's request to learn their history is said to have come from them both. But this novel reading appears to be more ingenious than well founded. Neither does the "boorish party" for "*la parte selveggia*" (vi. 65) seem a very happy rendering. As Dante uses the same phrase elsewhere, it may have been an accepted one for the political section whom it describes, and it need not be supposed to have implied anything vituperative, any more than the term "country party" has done in England.

In the note upon the lines in Canto xiv., where allusion is made to the supposed letter from Alexander the Great to Aristotle, in which he describes how his army trod under foot and extinguished the flakes of fire which rained down upon them in India, Mr. Sibbald cites Plutarch's mention of something which may have suggested it, but gives no reference to the passage. The original germ of the fable is probably to be sought in Arrian's Expedition of Alexander (Bk. vi. 24), in which he compares the sands of India to "untrodden snow," as was first pointed out in an article on Lord Vernon's *Inferno*, in *Fraser's Magazine* for May 1869. This, together with a few words from Quintus Curtius, probably afforded the groundwork for this part of the spurious letter—the *Alexandri Magni ad Aristotelem Epistola de Admirabilibus Indiæ*—which was a popular book in the middle ages, and was often printed afterwards. It is curious to note, in connexion with this, that in Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* (Introduction, p. 33) he has called the sands of the desert "the snow of the south."

In the note on Michael Scott (xx. 115) it is suggested that his thin flanks, as mentioned, may refer to a belief that he could make himself invisible at will. This is novel, but hardly admissible, and it is better to continue to suppose that reference was intended to his actual personal appearance, which would have been well remembered in Dante's time. In the beautiful opening to Canto xxiv. the line

Ma poco dura a la sua penna tempra

is thus rendered by Mr. Sibbald:—

But soon her brush of colour is all bare,

in which he is less fortunate, and more remote from the original than is his wont. The general meaning, it is true, is kept; but the simile is altered from that of a pen wearing out to that of a failing supply of colour to a brush.

In the story of Ugolino, Mr. Sibbald has defied criticism by the device of waiving a decision on a well-known point of controversy. He neither says that the door of the Tower of Famine was locked up, nor that it was nailed up, but adopts the safe compromise of saying that it was made fast. His own opinion, however, is made evident in a note, and is to the effect that the sound which reached the dungeon at the top of the tower was that of locking the gate. Before passing to Mr. Sibbald's Introduction and his notice of Giotto's portrait of Dante, it may be remarked with satisfaction that he has mentioned with just disparagement the unworthy Italian translation from Benvenuto's racy old Latin commentary, which was published at Imola on the occasion of the great Dante celebration held a few years ago. It will be pleasing to all interested in the matter to know that the wish expressed

by him that this valuable illustration of the *Commedia* should be printed in full from the original has been for some time in course of fulfilment, and that students of Dante and the history of his period may at no very distant time hope to be able to have it in their hands.

The prefatory matter entitled "Florence and Dante" gives all that is necessary to be known of the political and personal history of the poet and his times for the due comprehension of his greatest work. The origin, motives, and interests of the contending parties in Italy and its cities are well set forth and explained, and with the same air of healthy freshness which distinguishes the whole of Mr. Sibbald's work. The latest authorities have been consulted, and the fairest conclusions have been arrived at. Dante's position in, or rather out of, the constantly changing factions which distracted his country is clearly defined, and his Ghibellinism is shown to have been something very different from that of the party to whom the name belongs.

The personal history of the man is also well told. The studies of his youth and manhood are described. His political importance is reduced to its proper level. It was impossible that, with his comprehensive views and lofty aims, he should have been successful in a warfare of mere partisans. There was a real Florentine girl—the daughter of Folco Portinari—the object of Dante's early and enduring love. But it was no ordinary passion, and she is no more than the suggestion of the lady of the *Vita Nuova*, and was at once raised in his imagination to a distant elevation above that of any woman who ever trod the earth. Mr. Sibbald cites the introduction of Beatrice into Dante's writings as the strongest instance of what he calls his economy of actual experience—that is, the skilful use of real emotions and incidents to serve for suggestion and material for poetic thought. Her marriage did not interfere with her place in Dante's thoughts; nor is there any sound reason for believing that his own marriage was an unhappy one. It formed no part of his poetical, philosophical, or political life. He had no occasion to introduce any mention of it in his works, and accordingly he makes no mention of it. Mr. Sibbald has some temperate and reasonable remarks upon the cruelty and injustice of Florence to her most distinguished citizen, pointing out that his fervent temper and devotion to great ideas placed him out of the reach of common sympathy, and that his return to Florence from exile could only have taken place under circumstances which could not have been wholly gratifying even to himself.

The disquisition on the portrait in the Bargello is interesting, and is devoted to an endeavour to ascertain the date at which it was painted. The fresco in which it occurs also contains figures, supposed to be those of Charles of Valois and of the Cardinal Acquasparta, who were together in Florence in 1301-2. But it is hardly probable that Dante, or even the other two, should have been receiving the honour of having their portraits placed in a public building at this date in Florence. Looking for another date at which a prince and a cardinal were together in Florence, Mr. Sibbald finds that in 1326 Cardinal Gianni Orsini was there as Papal Legate, and also Charles, Duke of Calabria, the eldest son of King Robert of Naples, who came as Protector of the Commonwealth. He entered the city with great magnificence, as recorded by G. Villani, and for some time resided in the palace of the Podesta. Dante had then been dead five years, and his friend the artist might have been then able to introduce his portrait without giving offence to the authorities, and perhaps even so as to gratify a returning desire to do honour to his memory. It is, however, not mentioned by Mr. Sibbald that it was concluded by the Commission who sat on this subject in Florence, and published their Report in 1864, that the painting is not the work of Giotto, but of one of his scholars, and that it was probably painted in 1337.

The book is exceedingly well printed and turned out; and, in conclusion, it need only be added that Mr. Sibbald's continuation of his work to the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* must be looked for with interest by all who love Dante and are glad to welcome his worthiest interpreters.

THREE NOVELS AND ANOTHER.*

IF every batch of novels were as good as the four books before us, the reviewer's lot would be a brighter one than it is. No two of them have anything in common, save the rare quality, shared by all alike, of possessing merit. There is none that is not rather above than below the average; while the first on the list is a book deserving considerable attention, and the last is a positive revelation. As to this last one, though it is something more than a mere collection of disconnected scenes, we should yet prefer not to class it with novels proper. Hence the heading of this article.

Bethesda is by a lady who evidently aspires to take a place among writers of the philosophical novel. And this book, so far as we are aware her first essay in this direction, shows promise which goes some way to justify the ambition. The aim and tone are lofty, and the style maintains a corresponding level. And,

* *Bethesda*. By Barbara Elton. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

The March of Loyalty. By Letitia McClintock. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

The House of White Shadows. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

Personal Recollections of Peter Stannor, Esq. By Charles Blatherwick. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

though the subject is a desperately dangerous one, it is so handled as to avoid the least deviation from the path of high moral purity. The author shows some familiarity with the advanced thought of the time, philosophical and quasi-philosophical; and perhaps does not always quite succeed in distinguishing the one from the other. In psychological analysis—and it is of such analysis of a very close kind that the book principally consists—much cleverness and insight is displayed. But it is very much overdone; there is too much of it. And the same objection applies to everything else in the book; everything is overwrought. The whole tone of feeling is so high as to be almost transcendental; the moral standard is well-nigh ideal; and the sentiment so intense as sometimes to come perilously near the line which should distinguish it from gush. The author to succeed—and we believe she can succeed upon these conditions—must exercise much self-restraint, repressing exuberance both of thought and language, and must learn the difficult art of compression.

The keynote of *Bethesda* is the insufficiency of conscience, even in exceptionally fine natures, without a rule of conduct, based upon principle, imposed from without the moral part by reason. The conscience is often expected not alone "to enforce doing what is right," but also "to decide what the right is." This is the rock upon which split two very fine and, as to one at least, extremely beautiful characters. The story is of a high-souled, intellectual, but, at the same time, emotional girl, and a man of high aims and noble thoughts, of a nature schooled by mental suffering and self-suppression, the self-sacrifices of whose earlier life show him a man of no common clay, yet never at his best the equal of this ideal woman. She is American; he is French; and (we may remark in passing) the element of nationality as influencing their respective characters is skilfully and unobtrusively dealt with. The scene lies chiefly in Italy and France, where Bethesda and her aunt are travelling, almost living. There they meet René d'Isten, a young man of family and position, and becomes extremely intimate. He had married some years before a Spanish girl, who, as he found out at the altar, loved another; they were never truly man and wife, and now lived habitually apart. These facts are well known to Bethesda and her aunt. The strength of his character is shown in his noble self-sacrifice in relation to his wife; its weakness is to be seen in his ultimate attitude towards Bethesda. Their mutual attraction was at first purely intellectual, out of which grows much close communion, ending where such platonic relations always must end between two such people—in love. They pass intellectual days, but amidst surroundings of exquisite sensuous beauty keenly enjoyed, and in an atmosphere charged with emotional disturbance. The spotless purity of Bethesda's character keeps their intercourse on the highest plane of sentiment; but, however elevated its nature, it is love itself into which their feelings ripen. It is with the almost wilful blindness of both (quite wilful, perhaps, on the man's part), with their trust in their own personal strength of character and upright intentions alone to bring them safely through such a situation, that the moral of the story is concerned. When at length the truth breaks on the pure and noble-minded girl, the conflict of her emotions is powerfully delineated, and the workings of her mind, both before and after that supreme moment, are finely analysed. On her return to America her mental condition becomes very distressing; but new surroundings and more judicious treatment than that of the weak and foolish aunt open her eyes more fully to a still truer view of the nature of the error for which she is now suffering bitterly. Then comes a serious illness, induced by mental agony; and after that a more settled frame of mind, in which peace is possible. That assured, René appears on the scene again. He has discovered that his marriage was informal, and that he can, if he chooses, be free of the wife whose love he had, at Bethesda's bidding, attempted in the meanwhile once more to win. Meeting him by accident, against her will, Bethesda, at whose feet he now throws himself as a potentially free man, bids him go by the next steamer back to his wife and marry her more effectually. Years afterwards we find he has done this to good purpose; and so the story ends, not without a faint hint, if we understand aright, that Bethesda, now once more in Italy, may possibly some day marry an artistic enthusiast—which would be a pity.

We have purposely refrained, lest we should prejudice our readers, from pointing until now to certain peculiarities of diction in this book. *Bethesda* is advertised as an American novel; and so, no doubt, it is. In the first volume, besides the constant writing of "will" and "would" for "shall" and "should," and the frequent occurrence of "anyway," in the American use, and of "somehow," we light upon such uncompromisingly national expressions as the following:—"At a queer place way down in the city"; "but Beth stopped him right there"; "if Aunt Mabel felt badly about it." And it is an English girl who is made to say:—"Mrs. Trescott has had her time occupied, I venture"; which strikes us as a peculiarly happy compromise between the long English "I venture to say," and the all too terse American "You bet." To her also is attributed, "So you see, darling, anyhow you can fix it, you are my perfect spotless Lily"; and "He wouldn't have had an easy time of it, you better believe." The odd thing about it is that, though the first volume contains several such specimens (we have quoted the worst of them), there is scarcely one such, and not a single bad one, in the other two, as though these had received the advantages of a revision by another hand denied to the former. Be that as it may, it is to be deplored that a book of this character, and writing generally of such good quality, should be sullied by these isolated

blots of language (for they are isolated), mere vulgarisms even in America, which jar so painfully on the ears of Englishmen. Perhaps American diction, as here exemplified, may be characterized in the terms felicitously applied by our author to American life, as having "lost its pristine clearness, and yet not reached the stage of filtering."

In *The March of Loyalty* we have a novel of the present—the very present—day, for it comes down to January of this year. But there is a mistake somewhere about the dates. The second period proper ends a year and four months earlier—say September 1882. Between the beginning of that period and the end of the first, people have grown from youth to middle age; yet the beginning of the first period is fixed at about 1877 by the age of an old woman of ninety, who was thirteen years old, or thereabouts, at the Irish Union in 1800. But let that pass. Most people would consider *The March of Loyalty* a singularly inapposite title for an Irish story of the present day; and we have to wait till the last page of the third volume for an explanation. It turns out to be the name suggested by the heroine for a rather truculent Orange party song, which the reverend gentleman who wrote it had christened "Ulster at Bay"; and we do not see why the heroine and our author could not have "let it go at that." The story is one that, if it does no one much good, will do no one any harm to read. The scene is laid in Ireland, in Fenian and Land League times. But this is used as framework only; political differences and disturbances have no appreciable bearing on the plot or interest of the tale. This seems a waste of good material. Broken heads and broken fortunes are capable of being turned to great account. But the book has merits, not the least of which is the thorough wholesomeness of its tone. The characters are naturally drawn, and there is just sufficient interest in the leading love affair (in spite of the trite mechanism of a letter that fails to reach its destination) to induce one to see how it will end. The lover is a poor fellow; his conduct is not by any means satisfactorily cleared up; and he does not deserve half so good a wife as he gets. We could have spared the profusion of German quotations and French phrases, even with the decent excuse (for the latter) of a sojourn in Normandy. We could have spared, too, the great display of erudition on the part of the rector and his encyclopedic curate, the reality of which the author, wisely no doubt, leaves the reader to take on trust.

Readers who like to have their hair made stand on end by ghost-stories will be partially disappointed in *The House of White Shadows*: for, though the weird title does refer to a haunted house, there are no "real" ghosts in it. Such readers, however, may take heart of grace, for the book is eerie enough to string up the nerves and make one's flesh creep nevertheless. It is an ably written, interesting, even engrossing, tale of the sensational and romantic order, but having something in it too above and beyond what is usually to be found in productions of that class. In construction and execution there is much to be commended up to the end of the second volume; after that, events crowd in too thickly, and the improbabilities become more frequent and more violent. The events which gave the house its name relate to the last generation of inhabitants. These events are introduced in the form of an episode, forming perhaps (apart from the repetition in the third volume, which is a mistake) the best written part of the book. There is something very French about the lighter dialogues; a characteristic which we will give the writer the benefit of assuming to be intentionally impressed upon them, seeing that the scene is laid near Geneva and the characters are all French or Swiss. We can also quite unequivocally give the highest credit for the entire absence, in spite of these circumstances, of French tags and phrases. The hero is an eminent advocate, whose surname, with an ingenuity, the object of which is not obvious, but which must have cost some trouble, the author has succeeded in keeping a profound secret. Coming to the neighbourhood of Geneva for rest, he is impelled by the restless activity of his forensic mind, and a quite unaccountable belief in the man's innocence, to undertake the defence of a fiend in human form charged with the murder of a young girl. The evidence of guilt is as conclusive as any circumstantial evidence in the world ever was; but the great advocate obtains an acquittal. The trial is extremely well dealt with at considerable length. The circumstances are probably based on some actual case. But, be that as it may, we cannot refrain from recording our sense of the ridiculous inadequacy of the defence. The night after his acquittal, the murderer confesses his guilt to the advocate, whose feelings may be imagined. His silence as to this, from self-regarding motives, becomes one of the threads of a mesh in which he eventually becomes inextricably entangled. It would be unfair to tell too much of a story that depends to so great a degree on sensational and startling incidents; though there is probably nothing revealed in the climax that would not have been pretty clearly foreseen by readers of ordinary novelistic experience and acumen. The advocate's character is undoubtedly well conceived and drawn. There are other characters, too, that deserve attention. That of an ex-advocate, the crippled, shrivelled, shrewd, cynical, but still kindly, old Master Lamont is a capital sketch; and some of his conversations with his "familiar," the clever "fool," are crisp and entertaining. There is good character-drawing, too, in the long episode, that has more romantic material in it than goes to the making of many a whole novel. The bearing of this upon the main story is slight, yet we should have been sorry to miss it.

It is a relief for a reader, jaded with a course of regulation

novels, even of as much merit as the foregoing, to come upon such a refreshing book as the *Personal Recollections of Peter Stonnor, Esq.* This is a book written to amuse, and most thoroughly does it fulfil its object. It is truly funny, and the fun is never forced, and is without a dash of vulgarity. Peter Stonnor is a man of position in his county, past middle age, and a bachelor; a stiff, prim man, proud of his position and lineage, with his family motto, "*Stonnor et Honor*," ever on his lips; proud, too, of himself and of the natural gifts with which he firmly believes himself endowed; sententious and priggish; yet, withal, a good, kind-hearted, honourable English gentleman, whom one learns to like thoroughly in spite of his foibles. Believing that no one would venture to play a trick on him, he is the victim of innumerable practical jokes, and some swindles; vain of his supposed social tact, he is for ever making the most ludicrous blunders; profoundly impressed with a sense of his own wisdom and perspicacity, he uniformly "gets the wrong sow by the ear." Here is an instance of the subtlety of the author's touch in delineating this character. When Peter Stonnor is being duped (he is ultimately robbed) by a professing Medium, "My interest," he is made to say, "was roused, not so much by Spiritualism itself, as at the knowledge of finding a power of philosophical reasoning within me, which I had been hitherto unaware of." The tricks played upon the poor man, his harmless vanity, and the blunders he makes, form the staple of the book; which, for the rest, has just enough consecutiveness to make it a story, and just that touch of human interest and pathos without which no story, however funny, is quite satisfying. There are other amusing characters, too, and some good stories. One the author must forgive us for quoting. It is told against a minor character in the book, an old beau in search of a wife with a little money. "Beg pardon, Mrs. O'Brien," he was overheard saying to a widow, just as she was driving off the course at Punchestown, "but was it eight hundred a year and four children, or four hundred a year and eight children, you were saying?" But it is by no means only the little plums like this that make the book funny. It is well written and amusing from cover to cover; and we recommend any one who wants to laugh honestly to read it without delay.

QUAKERISM.*

IT may seem almost like a violation of privacy to review such a book as this in a public journal; but it is something of a contradiction of the spirit of Quakerism that it should have been published at all. Making all allowance for changed times and fashions, what could be more alien to the principles of their founder than that the Society of Friends should publish their arcana and submit all the minutæ of their decrees to the judgment of the outer world? For more than a hundred years after the institution of their yearly meetings the minutes were not even printed, but were preserved and circulated in MS., each monthly or quarterly meeting being expected to make provision for the supply of copies for the use of its own members. In 1782 they first appeared in print; in 1883 (and possibly before) "Friends" accept the conditions of the literature of the world without, and expose their secrets, not only for universal perusal, but for the impartial comment of uninterested critics. The change is significant, corresponding to the change which has come over Quakerism itself; and the book is rather a protest that the Society is alive than an evidence of its vitality. Quakerism, in fact, has lost its *raison d'être*, and so practically has ceased to exist. It may be doubted whether George Fox, if he were alive now, would not be the first to admit that it had no longer any reason for being, possibly that the very features which differentiate it were the main hindrances to doing the work which it was established to do. It would be no argument against the necessity and wisdom of founding such a sect if he were to make this admission. The decline and death of his Society may be the best evidence of his discernment and foresight in establishing it, they may exhibit the best fruits of his religious zeal. At a time when conformity to the Established Church and to the ordinary usages of society seemed like approval of, or at least acquiescence in, the manners of a Court and of a society whose life and morals were an opprobrium (though some of the brightest lights of the Church of England shone then), it may have seemed the best, or indeed the only course, for those whose souls revolted against the dissipation of the laity—that is, of the more conspicuous laity—and the supineness of many of the rural clergy, to found a Society which by its dress and habits should bear witness against the one and by its zeal and energy should be a protest against the other. French idiom associated the use of the plural "you" with the Court of the French king, and the Court of Louis Quatorze and the unworthy relations of Charles with it again suggested much to discredit England in the eyes of people abroad and to scandalize the devout at home. Hence "thee" and "thou" are explicable as protests and reminders; but why "farewell" instead of "good-by"—what is the spiritual significance or social value of this change? It is perhaps not worth dwelling on, except so far as it indicates a disposition to make changes for the sake of change.

The peculiarity of dress was a more important matter. George Fox probably did not intend that all his followers should adopt his suit of leather; but he was an enthusiast, and in other times and countries might have donned the raiment of camel's hair and

the leathern girdle about his loins. And he would have been consistent with himself in doing so. What he did mean was that "Friends" should be marked off by their simplicity of apparel from men whose dress was identified in his mind with disgraceful lives, but which was really not so much unchristian as absurd. A man would attract far less attention walking along Pall Mall now in a suit of leather than in the bows and lace, the silk and velvet, the ruffles and the wig of a dandy of the Court of Charles II. It must have been a real witness against the ways of the world, and a real support to the professors of a purer morality, that they should exhibit this aloofness, and, without words, announce their antagonism to evil. But in 1883 (when the minutes of his Society are published) he would see the men of the world at all events dressed in a way which would have caused them to be taken for Puritans both by the ascetic and by the cavalier of the seventeenth century.

It is not too much to say that hardly any man who is of any importance in the world nowadays would provoke the indignation even of George Fox by his dress. In that matter we are all Puritans. And it is significant that these minutes contain no decree enforcing fidelity to the traditions of the sect in respect of peculiarity of dress. The traditional drab suit—with its knee-breeches, collarless coat buttonless behind, and its broad-brimmed hat—is a thing of the long past; only middle-aged persons can remember it, except possibly in a familiar instance in the city of London. But more has gone than this. The very modified peculiarities of absence of collar, and a hat slightly lower in the crown and broader in the brim have vanished or are vanishing. "Thee," "thou," and "farewell" are going with them, and what there is left of Quakerism is only a religious sect, and no longer a social caste. It has been found impossible to maintain the insignia of social exclusiveness, and the *Book of Discipline* contents itself with exhorting both men and women to beware of "adorning themselves in a manner at variance with the plainness and simplicity of the truth we make profession of." But George Fox might see and might be justified in seeing in all this, not the failure, but the success of his policy in enforcing these outward and visible signs of an inward conviction. He might say, and with some truth, that his system had done its work and was dying, not because it was effete, but because that which was more "perfect had come," and therefore that "that which was in part was done away." He might see in the changed habits and manners of society since his day the fruit of his own mission; and, however mistaken he might be in claiming the results of many co-operating causes as due to his preaching alone, no one who knows anything of the history of the last hundred years would deny to Quakerism the glory of an example which has been always pure and often elevating. The active share taken by Quakers as a society in the abolition of slavery and in the reform of prisons are honours enough to inscribe on the escutcheon of any corporation (if Quakers had escutcheons) and to justify its separate existence. The spirit of George Fox has survived in many of his followers down to our own day, though the form of its manifestation is of necessity different. And there are other ways in which they have rendered social services which, if less important, are not without interest. Their quiet lives and seclusion from society, their abstinence from many of its pastimes have left them an amount of leisure which in many instances has been well employed. Those who have enjoyed no personal intimacy with members of the Society of Friends would be surprised at the learning and accomplishments he would find in many of these quiet homes. There is a tradition of culture in some of their families which would put to the blush many sons who have been to public schools and universities and have rubbed elbows with the world, and many daughters who have been to finishing schools and had the best masters. First-rate libraries are often found among them, and sometimes gems of printing, choice Elzevirs, curious collections of Bibles, and old vellum texts that would make Mr. Quaritch hungry. Portfolios of water-colours, enlarged by successive generations, scrap-books, filled with family contributions, drawers of choice engravings bear witness (if any witness were needed) how mistaken is the view which would fasten on modern Quakerism all the negative features of Puritanism, or deny it the appreciation of much which makes life best worth living for. In its *rapprochement* to the outer world, modifying and modified by it, it seems to us to have fulfilled its destiny (no ignoble one), and to have won the right to say "Nunc dimittis" with no insincere gratitude. But its social features are, of course, only the expression of the spirit of Quakerism, however necessary they may have been as a testimony and a protection of the professors of the creed. The question still remains, What is Quakerism in its inner essence? What was its original idea, and what has become of it now? Its origination is the best proof that George Fox was something more than a fanatic, a sectary, and an ascetic. Like all religious proclamations which have impressed men's souls and have endured, it is based on an assertion, and not on a negation. (Christian martyrs denied the divinity of the Emperor, and died for it; but it was the martyrdom, and not the denial, that was the *semen ecclesie*.) He found the religious world divided between those who based their faith on the universal tradition of the Church and those who believed in the exclusive authority of Scripture. Each party had its infallible guide to which they professed to submit will, reason, and conscience; both Puritan and Cavalier doing many things sanctioned by the voice of the living authority or the letter of the printed book which shocked his religious sense, and must have driven him to ask if there was no

* *Book of Christian Discipline of the Society of Friends.* London: Harris & Co.

other guide of life than these. And this impulse from without is apart from the mystical tendency of the man; it was, in a sense, as natural to him as it was spiritually true to conclude that he was not reduced to this alternative, which seemed discredited by much that he saw in the lives of the adherents of either side of it. In their rationale of religion they had left out, or assigned a subordinate place to, what he thought was the main factor in the relations of man to God. It was the indwelling Spirit, and not the Church, nor the Bible, who was the guide of life. How could it be otherwise when so many men, even unconsciously or against their will, subjected both Church and Bible to the verdict of conscience? In the war of parties, and when every one about him was on one side or the other, it was this insight into what he thought the defect of either side, and this discernment that he need not and could not belong to either, but that there was a third course, and that the true one, which marked the genius of George Fox. In it is contained the whole spiritual history of his Society. In it is involved the whole religious system of Quakerism. It followed almost logically that this belief in an inspiration which was the sufficient rule and light of life in all its details should make it necessary to dispense with all forms of worship and all external aids to faith; for how could one prescribe to another, equally inspired, the words of prayer or praise, or the help that he wanted for his peculiar need? The complete repudiation of all forms was the logical result of the exclusive adoption of one dogma, and the issue of its foundation-truth. Quakerism is the most logical creed in the world. It claims an equal inspiration for all, and it leaves to each the choice of his own words and modes of worship. It has been said that, notwithstanding the infinity of Christian sects, there are only two Christian parties—the Sacramentalists and the Spiritualists. If the analysis is true, Quakerism is Spiritualism pure and simple. It is as much opposed to the Lutheran as to the Catholic, and for many years its practice exhibited a thoroughgoing consistency with the inevitable deductions from its central dogma. If there must be dissent from the Church, it has the distinction of being in the completest dissidence, and of resting on a universal truth. It is easy to imagine a religious Churchman of logical mind regarding it as the only possible alternative to orthodoxy. But, if we may judge from the evidence of this *Book of Discipline*, this doctrine has ceased to be the differentia of Quakerism. The exhortations to read and study the Bible are as repeated and urgent as Churchman or Dissenter could desire; but this is not the point. What is to be noticed is not the presence of these precepts, but the absence of others; there are very few reminders of the once characteristic tenet, no intimation that the Bible itself is to be subjected to the inner light in every reader. The portion of the volume assigned to the special truth of Quakerism is absolutely as well as relatively small, and no reader of its purely religious parts would imagine that they were the exponents of a creed so individualized and unique; they would seem rather the utterances of a moderate and pious Evangelicism.

Except in the cases of those who have joined the Churches of England or of Rome, or have become "Christians unattached," we believe that this is what the religion of the Friends has issued in. It has shared the fate of their social customs and emblems. It has been modified by (and perhaps, too, has modified) its surroundings, and is now going through the process of being merged in them. Yet there are Quakers still staunch in their religious dissidence, though undistinguishable in their outer life. Though the sect is moribund, the men whom it has bred are a force in the world, and exhibit in literature, politics, and philanthropy the effects of the bracing discipline of their creed and customs for the last two centuries.

SIX CENTURIES OF WORK AND WAGES.*

THERE are (putting works of fiction out of the question) three classes of interesting writers, and there is no fourth; though almost every writer who is interesting belongs in point of interest to more than one of them. There is the writer—no doubt the highest kind—whose style is the important point, and who, whether he writes about broomsticks, or about the fall of empires, about the rose and the milk of Celia's cheeks, or about the circumstances in which it is casuistically justifiable not to fast, is always important and delightful. Him no age withers and no custom stales, and he is as perfectly sure of appreciation for ever as he is to-day or yesterday. Then there is the writer who has the faculty of masterly argument, no matter what premises he may assume, and he also has a tolerably sure though a much narrower audience. And lastly, there is the man who knows a great many facts, and can put them lucidly, whether he can or cannot draw conclusions from them, or write delightfully about them. He has the least secure and lasting hold on an audience, but he has also the widest range of subject, and there is room for a great deal more of him.

To this last class Mr. Thorold Rogers belongs; and it is because he belongs to it that his singular weakness in reasoning and his alarming faults of taste may be, and are when he confines himself to the subjects which he does know, forgotten for the time, if not altogether condoned. It is not very easy even to forget them, for he generally takes very good care to bring them to mind. But by sufficiently good-natured and well-practised persons they can be ignored. Never accept a political remark from Mr. Rogers, for

it is sure to be worthless. Never accept a fact from Mr. Rogers out of his own special subject and period, for it is more than likely to be inexact. Treat all kinds of "flings" from Mr. Rogers on all kinds of subjects as the Russian censors do English newspapers, by carefully obliterating them from the mind's view. Remember when Mr. Rogers makes any statement of an æsthetic kind that he has got no taste; when he makes any statement of a religious kind that he belongs to a sect in which there are two Church members, and that Mr. Rogers is "no that sure of John." By this process you will have a really valuable residuum. For Mr. Rogers is one of the very few people who partially, it may be, and from a single point of view, do know the English middle ages, who have really taken pains to know them, and who (though he himself has often made his valuable knowledge subservient to very valueless deductions) have yet that honest love of a favourite subject which makes it nearly impossible for a man wholly to pervert his knowledge, or sink it in order to favour his prejudices. When Mr. Rogers speaks of the seventeenth and later centuries, even when he speaks of the sixteenth, he may be put aside altogether. But when he speaks of the period before the Renaissance in England, he is not to be pooh-poohed, though of course he is still to be taken with many grains of salt. Nor is this the only point of interest about him. For it will always remain a very interesting problem how a man who has such a genuine and intelligent love of learning should have adopted such ludicrous political views, and how a man with such ludicrous political views can have bent himself to such genuine study of the very period which to any one who has political eyes in his political head is sufficient to make those views untenable. We can quite understand "my friend, Mr. Jesse Collings," as Mr. Rogers somewhere calls him, being a Radical; we can quite understand Mr. Chamberlain being a Radical (or anything else which came handy); we can even understand Mr. John Morley being a Radical, inasmuch as he has devoted himself to a special study of that period of human history which, looked at by itself, would make almost any one detest kings and lords and bishops. But in Mr. Rogers's case, who has devoted himself to the period which is the triumph of the aristocratic and ecclesiastical principle, and who admits fully the beneficial results of that principle in detail, Radicalism most certainly is not justified of her child. It must have given him a great deal of trouble to arrive at this point of wrongheadedness. "Such perversity, sir, is not in nature."

Mr. Rogers's present volumes consist in part of a working up into continuous narrative and argumentative form of the data given in his *History of Prices*, in part of a similar working up of similar data collected from other writers for the period since Elizabeth's reign to the present day. He tells us that he has (though they are not published) data as full as those of the *History of Prices* up to the reign of Anne; from that time forward he admits second-hand and scattered authority. From reading his book, and indeed from previous knowledge, we should say that the facts on which he rests his account of work and wages during the last three centuries are very much less numerous, very much less trustworthy, and, above all, very much less exhaustive, than those on which he bases his account of work and wages during the first. Indeed, though there are valuable facts here and there, the greater part of the second volume (the book is bound in two volumes, but is paged continuously) is scarcely of much value. The accounts of the actual history of the subject are desultory, piecemeal, insufficient; there is far more of mere opinion (which, as has been said, is always, or almost always, worthless with Mr. Rogers); and there are long passages of declamation against Tories, Turks, ground landowners, the University of Oxford, &c. &c., which contrast curiously with the general sobriety of the earlier part, where the author has plenty to say and has contented himself with saying it. As it may be thought unfair thus to set at naught Mr. Rogers's reasoning power without giving chapter and verse, let us do this once for all. At the close of his book he reverts to that fertile source of delusions, the cause of Mr. Hyndman's economic mania, the prosperity of the English lower classes in the fifteenth century. "I can discover," says Mr. Rogers very gravely, "no other cause for this remarkable material progress beyond the universal associations of labour." Yet he himself throughout his earlier chapters has given, and in this place partly refers to, causes enough independent of any such associations for the very greatest prosperity. The Black Death had thinned off superfluous population, and that curse of all growing and healthy nations except in their infancy was further kept down by the Hundred Years' War. The war did not interfere with English trade, but, on the contrary, somewhat extended it. It brought a good deal of "loot" into the country; it prevented, as the Wars of the Roses subsequently prevented, political oppression; the seasons (Mr. Rogers admits this) were extraordinarily favourable; the monasteries at their richest, if not at the highest point of their spiritual health, provided a vast system of gratuitous poor relief. Comfort had not become luxury with the well-to-do laity; and the vast, well-endowed, and powerful corporation of the clergy at once provided a professional opening for intelligent youths of all classes and did not burden the nation with posterity. Every circumstance favourable to prosperity was present, by Mr. Rogers's own statements, and certainly to his knowledge; and yet he can "discover no cause" of it beyond associations of labour (i.e. trade and agricultural unions), and apparently, though he is no Georgite, can hope for no return of it except through an upsetting of the

* *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*. By J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

present social system of England and the throwing of increased taxation on the land.

As a political guide or authority, therefore, Mr. Rogers cannot be said to exist. He is only a crotcheteer, who has less excuse than some other crotcheteers in that, unlike them, he need not make crotchet do duty for knowledge unless he likes. But his picture in the first three or four hundred pages of the condition of the lower and middle classes in England during the middle ages—a picture whose details may be familiar to scholars, but which will be certainly novel to the general reader—has great interest and merit. Mr. Rogers has done for England what M. Siméon Luce has less elaborately done for France. He has abolished the conception dear to the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, and not abandoned by half-instructed people now, of the misery of the middle ages. The one thing that he has still against them is that they were dirty, and we fear, according to modern standards at least, that an honest champion well read in mediæval literature can make only partial head against this very unpleasant charge. They were dirty not so much in the persons of the people, for they bathed pretty frequently, as in their houses, their clothes, &c. The Parkes Museum of Hygiene certainly did not exist then. So also they had, for want of turnips, to eat a great deal of unwholesome salt meat, and the salt was not good. But when these two drawbacks are allowed for, there is absolutely no doubt that the life of the ordinary peasant or the ordinary town craftsman, at most times between the reign of John and the reign of Henry VII., was a more comfortable life in every way than the life of the coopers of either now. They were less hardly worked, more plentifully fed, not much less comfortably lodged, more solidly if less showily and neatly clothed. They had a vast deal more leisure and infinitely greater variety of amusement. They were not so well educated, perhaps, if any one sets great store by School Board education. But for this infirmity a wise man's moan will soon be made. What with the Church, the Universities, and the wars, they had a very fair chance of rising in the world. The commander of the garrison of Norwich, who was killed in Lister's revolt, a knight and in a position of great trust, was a serf by birth. Also, despite the recent evidence of Peterborough Tower, they did much better work of some kinds than we manage to do now, and they did it, as Mr. Rogers shows, after making the amplest allowance for the difference in the value of money, much more cheaply. The general social arrangements of the rural districts were of a rather complicated and a decidedly well-arranged kind. There were not strictly speaking many yeomen; Mr. Rogers's loose expressions about every man being a landowner, which have misled poor Mr. Hyndman, mean simply that most men had land at a fixed rent of money and service which it was not usual to disturb. But the prevalent system by which the landlord supplied stock as well as land, with careful covenants as to loss and deterioration, and the elaborate profit and loss accounts which were kept, undoubtedly knitted the whole nation into a community of interest impossible where landlord and tenant are on a different footing. Often the landlords took large tracts into their own cultivation—a practice which in these days of Ground Game Acts, Agricultural Holdings Acts, and other devices for making a *modus vivendi* between landlord and tenant impossible, might very well be revived. The prevalence of common land at the time has been ignorantly talked of as an argument against present arrangements; it would hardly be of much use now, and is more than compensated by the increased acreage available for more profitable husbandry. Indeed, to any one reading Mr. Rogers's book without Mr. Rogers's prejudices, the secret of mediæval prosperity is as clear as the fact. We need not say bluntly that in those days they hung Radicals and burnt political dissenters. This would be an alarming way of putting the thing. But it would be more reasonable and nearer the truth than Mr. Rogers's astounding discovery that Trade-Unions produced what by his own account was obviously due to an entirely different and indeed opposed set of causes. Trade-Unions of the mediæval kind may have had some merits, but they could only regulate, not cause, the prosperity which came from other sources.

HOLMES'S HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.*

AN author who at this epoch rewrites the history of a struggle which has been told as a whole by two well-known authors, and in isolated parts by half a score of others, must be prepared to justify his attempt. He may show, for instance, that previous narratives are one-sided, prejudiced, or erroneous. He may have discovered letters, or diaries, or some new matter of vast and varied importance. He may rely on personal experiences of Indian administration and on the part which he himself played in some of the scenes of 1857. We do not gather that Mr. Holmes rests his case on any one of the above pleas. He is industrious, and he has consulted blue-books, Parliamentary papers, biographies, articles in magazines and reviews and weekly journals, and narratives of particular campaigns to a very great extent. He writes in an animated style; and his descriptions of scenery, sieges, the pluck shown by a few resolute Englishmen against overwhelming odds, are spirited and in the main correct. We do not disagree,

except in a few notable instances, with the praise or censure awarded to the men who, from position or character, really had much to do with shaping the course of Indian history. And the title selected by him for his work shows that he appreciates the nature of the uprising which he undertakes to describe. It was in truth a mutiny of petted and ungrateful Sepoys, accompanied by "disturbances among the civil population." It was not a protest of aggrieved caste or oppressed nationality. Moreover, Mr. Holmes puts all he has to say into one volume as compact and connected as is possible for a writer who has to describe remote scenes and to jump from one Presidency to another, from Lucknow to Delhi, and from Bombay to Eastern Bengal.

It is tolerably clear to us that Mr. Holmes has never served in any Indian department, or surveyed the country with the confident spirit of a tourist of six months. Nor do we wish to lay much stress on such mistakes or defects as the following. The magistrate of Agra, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, was not the Hon. E. Drummond, but his brother Mr. Robert Drummond. The former never served in the Upper Provinces at all until his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Agra by the late Lord Elgin. A Tahsildar is, no doubt, a head native revenue officer, who is responsible, we may add, for the collection of a couple of lacks of rupees; but a *Pergunnah* is not a county or anything like it. The term *Zillah* more corresponds to our county; a *Pergunnah* is almost equal, roughly, to the Hundred. To describe a *Nazir* as a "high native official employed in a judicial court," is almost *obscurum per obscurius*. The *Nazir* is the official who issues processes, keeps the roll of witnesses and announces their arrival, makes out lists of unclaimed property and stray cattle, and carries out public sales by the Court's order, just outside the Kutcherry. We are startled to hear that the Brahmans of Calcutta are "the most cunning and the most formidable of their order," and that they exercised a bad influence over their brethren in the North-Western Provinces. That the Mukarjis, Chaturjis, Banerjis, and others are astute, proud, and litigious, is generally admitted; but they have very little connexion with the Mirs and Dhobes of Upper India. And the educated classes in Bengal, when once thoroughly awakened to the excesses of the Sepoys, were certainly not active in disloyalty. They were passive, acquiesced in the British rule, and gave no trouble. The printer, we apprehend, is responsible for the insertion of a wrong letter in a quotation from the Second *Æneid*, which makes the late Mr. J. Colvin guilty of a false quantity and spoils a line. For *spes ulla vivendi*, the schoolboy &c. reads *videndi*.

We cannot go through a review of events now tolerably familiar to most readers. They have been told before and may bear telling again. Our main charge against Mr. Holmes is that in treating of one or two important junctures he exaggerates or miscalculates their importance. He does not always perceive the real force of a blow struck or of an error retrieved. Let us take, for instance, the effect of the fall of Delhi in September 1857. At p. 367 he seems to admit the vital necessity of its capture. As long as it held out there was a "general disbelief in the vitality of the British power," and it was being followed by "general disaffection." But at p. 407, after the successful assault, he minimizes the fact and asserts "that the only positive and unmistakable benefit which resulted from it was the removal of the strain under which the loyalty of the Punjab had nearly given way." Here we join issue with the author. The capture of Imperial Delhi, the city of so many splendid historical associations, held by thousands of revolted Sepoys, who for three months had paralysed the efforts of our small force on "the ridge," was the turning-point of the year and indeed of the Mutiny. It is perfectly true that a great deal remained to be done after Nicholson's death. The garrison of Lucknow had to be carried off in safety; the whole Province of Oude had to be reconquered; Rohilund was in arms; and the Moulavi in one place, Tantia Topi in another, and Koer Sing in a third, were by no means put down. But every administrator, from the Lieutenant-Governor at Lahore to the isolated district officer on the frontiers of Eastern Bengal, knew that to take Delhi was to retain the Empire; to fail in the assault meant retirement to the ships in the Hooghly on the part of those not massacred or hunted down in detail. Macnulty, in the second of his two essays on Pitt, says that nothing more was necessary to silence a whole roomful of boasting Frenchmen than to drop a hint of the probability that the great commoner would return to power. After his successes, it has been also said, Englishmen could again look one another in the face without shame. The fall of Delhi produced with Anglo-Indian residents a precisely similar effect. A short-lived triumph had been enjoyed on the premature announcement of its capture when our troops first appeared before it in June. A terrible reaction followed on the discovery of the truth. The tension on the minds of the whole English community during the weeks of July and August that elapsed after the Cawnpore and Puthergurh massacres and other dismal events, will never be forgotten. With the recapture of Delhi, Englishmen breathed freely, and no one—except the worst alarmists and croakers—had the least doubt of our ultimate success. Similarly at p. 580 we are told that Sir Hugh Rose in June 1858, after his splendid march across Central India with all its combinations and victories, heard of an event "the news of which caused through India a sensation hardly less than that caused by the news of the first mutinies." We were really puzzled to hit on the particular tragedy which is said to have sent such a thrill throughout India, but we make out from the next chapter but one, that Mr. Holmes alludes to the defection

* *A History of the Indian Mutiny, and of the Disturbances which accompanied it among the Civil Population.* By T. R. E. Holmes. With Two Maps and Six Plans. London: Allen & Co.

of Sindia's army. The fact was not without its significance, and the occupation of Gwalior by the rebels did add to our complications. But by that time India had become rather callous to these sensational events. We had by that time more than one very able commander and plenty of soldiers from England. And seeing that Sindia's army rebelled about the end of May, and that it was thoroughly beaten, cowed, and dispersed by the 20th of June, there was not much time for the news, however "startling," to produce a serious effect. The truth is the fall of Delhi was like the old Greek proverb about one-half of anything. It was more even than the whole. And no one who reflected that that city had been recovered by the aid of English troops already in India at the outbreak and Sikhs and Goorkhas, ever doubted that, with the reinforcements since sent from England, the reconquest of Lucknow, the recovery of Oudh and Rohilcund, and the dispersment of guerilla warriors, desperate Sepoys, and plundering Dacoits, however arduous tasks, were mere matters of time, to be settled by one or at most two campaigns. At page 156 Mr. Holmes seems to imply that in June 1857, immediately after the outbreak, Brigadier Wilson at Meerut might have done something to help Mr. Colvin, who was severely tried at Agra. That nothing was done by a commander who had British artillery, rifles, and dragoons, to preserve his own station is true enough. But it is unreasonable to suppose that any help could have then been sent right down the Doab to protect the seat of the Government of the North-West Provinces. There was quite enough to do in watching Meerut, Bolundshahr and keeping up the communication with the Hills and the Punjab.

To divers eminent administrators Mr. Holmes does not do full justice. The late Mr. Dorin, then in Council, is credited with more foresight and capacity than we should be inclined to allow. Sir J. P. Grant is termed a "clever bureaucrat, not a statesman." Lord Beaconsfield, we may remind Mr. Holmes, bestowed the highest praise on Mr. Grant's Minute regarding the annexation of Oudh, and those who are really cognizant of his career and character know that he was very far removed from the typical governor who goes by the rules of sealing-wax and red tape. On some of Lord Canning's acts Mr. Holmes passes no judgment at all. We cannot be sure whether he endorses that statesman's wise refusal to proclaim martial law in Bengal. There never was the smallest necessity for the adoption of any such stringent measure in the Lower Provinces, nor was there any emergency with which the established tribunals, fortified by plenary powers of life and death, were not perfectly competent to deal. The Gagging Act, unfortunately passed by Lord Canning and his Council, needlessly irritated the Anglo-Saxon community. It is the old story which the unlucky *Libert Bill* has done so much to revive. To say nothing of ordinary and peaceful times, Englishmen in India in seasons of peril, famine, anarchy, disaffection, and open revolt, will not stand the doctrine of equality. They are there because of their superiority in character, enterprise, and steadfast pursuit of national objects. Their loyalty needs no stimulus and their independent criticism, if not always judicious, must not be gagged by special Acts. In the well-known controversy between the late Lord Lawrence and Sir Herbert Edwardes as to whether it was better in the last extremity to abandon Peshawur or to retire temporarily from the siege of Delhi, Mr. Holmes has not the least hesitation in roundly asserting "that it would have been wiser to choose the latter alternative." We have already given reasons for showing that Mr. Holmes has formed a very inaccurate estimate of the state of affairs at Delhi, and of the importance attached to its capture by wavering Rajas and Nawabs. It is fortunate, as he says, that the choice never became necessary. But since the publication of Mr. Bosworth Smith's life, an English officer of rank and experience has lately expressed to us his decided conviction that Lord Lawrence was right and Edwardes wrong about Peshawur and Delhi. On another point Mr. Holmes delivers an equally unhesitating judgment. The Commissioner of the division had issued an order directing the district officers at Gaya and Mozuffarpore to come in to headquarters and bring their treasure with them; and we are told that "no measure had been more sagacious than this." It is perhaps fortunate that instances of this peculiar sagacity were rare in other parts of India. The Empire as a whole was saved, not because men hastily abandoned their posts, but because they stuck to them until the crackling of bungalows in flames and the roar of gaol-birds let loose on a passive community distinctly proclaimed that nothing more could be done. Mr. Holmes, writing a quarter of a century after these events, is too given to this tone of lofty superiority. He has missed an opportunity at the close of his work. There was a tempting field for any writer in the reconstitution of authority, in the treatment of chiefs who had met us in the field or been loyal and wavering in turns, and generally in the noble, firm, and conciliatory policy of Lord Canning. But very possibly he may have thought this task rather beyond his powers. The concluding chapter, in which he tries to explain the origin of the Mutiny and to apportion blame to various parties, is not unfair in many points. And one sentence has a really good ring about it. "If we had not been able to quell the Indian Mutiny, it would have been a plain proof that we had no business to be in India." And we may rely on it that if we are not to have something as trying in its way as a revolt of Sepoys, if India is not to become restive and unmanageable, we shall do well not to propound platitudes about "inequalities," "distinctions," or "sweeping away" old landmarks and discriminating laws. The last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, after impressing caution and foresight in carrying out the

most obvious and elementary reforms, has some very sensible remarks on the impolicy of talking about the eventual "autonomy" of India, and propounding as a thesis for "academic debate" the "moral justification of our government" there. Lord Ripon and his advisers may not be greasing cartridges with the wrong fat or laying the foundations of a second rising of Pandays, Pathans, and Poorbeas; but it is quite certain that, if they persist in their career of reckless change, they will soon furnish Mr. Holmes and gentlemen of his research and enterprise with fresh materials for an unpleasant and discreditable chapter of history.

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.*

IN a glass case in the Library of the College of Physicians there is exhibited a gold-headed cane, which has been the caduceus of five illustrious medicine men in turn. As a rule, says Dr. Munk, the cane which was carried by the profession had a round top, sometimes of gold, sometimes of silver, "but in later times generally of ivory." There was a reason for this shape, it appears. At first the top did duty, not only as a handle, but as a vial-glass as well, being hollow within and perforate without, to the end that it might contain a quantity of Marseilles, or Four Thieves, Vinegar, which was supposed to be a powerful disinfectant, and which your *Æsculapius*, when he came within scenting distance of disease, would give his nose from his cane's head, as from a smelling-bottle. The Cane of the Five Doctors, however, has a common crutch handle, and is therefore not representative, nor strictly professional. The reason is that its first master was the famous Radcliffe, who, being "a rule to himself," and "at all times impatient under the conventional usages of his order," is supposed to have preferred the crutch handle to the knob, or globe, in something of that spirit of originality which impelled him, at the very beginning of his career, to do battle with the Galenists on the great small-pox question, and instead of stoving up his patients to give them air and exhibit "cooling emulsions." From his hands it passed into the keeping of the illustrious Mead, who bequeathed it to Askew, who bequeathed it to William Pitcairn, who bequeathed it to Matthew Baillie, after whose death it passed to the College of Physicians. There, for half a century or so, it "rusted inglorious," forgotten in a cupboard, till at last it was withdrawn from the dishonourable obscurity in which it had slumbered, and placed (with the President's silver caduceus, which was designed and presented by Dr. Caius, and the mace of silver gilt, which is the gift (1684) of Dr. Lawson) in the glass case where it now abides. In its retirement it appears to have dictated to the late Dr. Macmichael certain of its reminiscences of the five great men whose arms are blazoned on its top; and to these, at the instance of Dr. Munk, it has since made some interesting additions. Hence the present volume, written in the severe and formal style to be expected of its author, and containing a vast deal of curious, entertaining, and recondite information.

Radcliffe, the first of the cane's five masters, was in some sort the most successful also. In his day medicine as a science had hardly begun to be. He himself is recorded to have cured a quinsy by setting his two servants to pelt each other with hasty pudding at the very bed of death, by which means the patient was made to laugh, and the quinsy to break; while Bidloo, the Dutch physician attached to the service of William III., could think of nothing better for the boils with which his master was afflicted than to have his legs rubbed night and morning with a mixture of crabs' eyes, flour, and cummin seed. Radcliffe, however, had a great deal of good sense, and was an admirable talker, a fine judge of character, and an accomplished man of the world; he appears, too, to have been a born physician, and to have had a really remarkable gift of prognosis; so that, though he wrote little or nothing, and probably knew no more than many others of his generation, he enjoyed extraordinary popularity and achieved a professional success which has hardly been surpassed by the most eminent practitioners of our own time. He lived gallantly and luxuriously; but the amount of money he made was incredibly large. His apothecary died worth fifty thousand pounds; Dr. Gibbons, who lived hard by, made over a thousand a year from the overflow of his practice; he charged five guineas for a journey from Bloomsbury to Bow; his average receipts were twenty guineas a day, or more than seven thousand a year; he refused a baronetcy, and for a week in the camp at Namur he received a fee of four hundred guineas from his patient, Albemarle, and a gratification of twelve hundred more from Albemarle's master. It is not astonishing that seven years before he died he estimated his fortune, in money and land, at over eighty thousand pounds. His use of this was noble in the extreme. He bequeathed his Yorkshire estate to University College for the foundation of two travelling fellowships and the purchase of perpetual advowsons, together with a further sum of five thousand pounds for the enlargement of the college buildings. He left forty thousand pounds more for the building of what has for over a century been known to the world as the Radcliffe Library. He set apart five hundred pounds a year for ever "towards mending the diet at St. Bartholomew's Hospital." All the rest of his estate he gave to his executors on trust for charitable purposes; and in this way he became responsible—among countless benefactions of greater or

* *The Gold-headed Cane.* By William Munk, M.D., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

less importance—for the Oxford Observatory and Infirmary. Whether or not he was a great healer seems doubtful. That he was a good man and a great benefactor of his kind is unquestionable. So many have shared in his heritage already that their number is hardly to be counted; and his heritage will remain, increasing with time, a blessing upon innumerable generations.

There is much to say, had we space to say it, of Radcliffe's four successors. Mead, for instance—"artis medicæ decus, vitæ revera nobilis"—was a remarkable man in every way; a fine scholar, a good physician, a bibliophile, a collector, a student, the friend of wits and poets, the patron of artists, the prince of good hosts and good fellows. He wrote wisely of quarantine and the sanitary cordon; he was a champion of inoculation, an authority on small-pox and measles; he introduced important innovations into the established treatment of dropsy. He was popular enough to make some five or six thousand a year; but he was so generous and charitable that, though between fifteen and sixteen thousand pounds was realized by the sale of his books and pictures and statues, he left not more than fifty thousand pounds, and "this sum was materially diminished by the payment of his debts." Askew, again, was a scholar, a traveller, a collector of books, marbles, manuscripts, and inscriptions. William Pittairn, President of the College, was a physician pure and simple; so was Baillie, who, as John Hunter's sister's son, received about the best education at that time to be got. Of each and all of them the Gold-headed Cane has something novel and interesting to record; and they are but a few of the many—Hans Sloane and Dr. Warren, Goddard and Halford, Paris and Arbuthnot and Cheyne—with whom the Gold-headed Cane was brought into contact, immediate or indirect, and of whom it discourses in a manner "worthy of no small meed of praise."

ECONOMIC ENTOMOLOGY.*

NO effort has been made in this country at all comparable with what has been done on the Continent of Europe or in the United States of America towards organizing a scientific scheme of agricultural or economic entomology. It may be that the losses inflicted by the ravages of insects within the limited area of our group of islands and under the more moderate conditions of our insular climate are not such as to force the subject so imperatively upon the attention of the land-cultivating class or of the governing body; but the extent of damage to crops of all kinds by the spread of insect pests is sufficiently established to make it a serious item of calculation as regards the products of cultivation and the consequent well-being of the entire body politic. Of official documents bearing upon this branch of rural economy there is all but a total dearth in this country. There is certainly nothing to compare with the voluminous publications of the French Government relating to the *phylloxera* disease, or the manifold South-American reports upon the ravages of locusts, those of the Argentine Republic being conspicuously numerous and ample. Still less can our public departments pretend to vie with the support given to this important study by the governing body of the American Union and the several States composing it. The losses inflicted by insects injurious to agriculture within the Union have been put down at from \$300,000 to \$400,000 annually. The *Encyclopedia Americana*, now in course of publication, besides giving a succinct report of the most prominent varieties of insect life to which these ravages are due, supplies a list of the American writers and official compilers whose works make up the literature of the subject. Of these the most prominent in the reports are Mr. B. D. Walsh, the first State Entomologist of Illinois; Mr. Townsend Glover, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture; and Mr. C. V. Riley, of the State of Missouri. The good work is being actively carried on under Mr. Joseph A. Lintner, the recently appointed State Entomologist of New York, following up the valuable researches of the late Dr. T. W. Harris and Dr. Asa Fitch. A handy little manual for practical use, we may add, has been recently compiled by Mrs. Mary B. Treat, entitled *Injurious Insects of the Farm and Garden* (New York, 1882). A leading part in the advance of entomology in Europe has from the first been taken by France, the whole literature of the subject dating, it may be said, from the publication of Réaumur's learned and handsome volumes just a century and a half ago. A series of admirable memoirs and reports, conspicuous amongst which are those of M. Guérin Méneville and M. Bazin, attest the spirit of research in that country from that day to this, stimulated of late by the grievous damage to the staple produce of the soil by various forms of insect life. In Germany much valuable work has been done of late by Ratsburg, Kaltenbach, Altum, Taschenberg, and other entomologists of mark, whilst in our own country there has for thirty years and upwards been little more than a standstill. So thorough and so trustworthy were the labours of Kirby and Spence that we need

hardly be surprised to find their *Introduction* hold its own as the standard work of science for the students of British entomology, unsurpassed as it is for untiring research, exact observation, and graphic powers of description. As more especially devoted to the economical aspect of insect life, the writings of Mr. John Curtis were not long in establishing for their author a repute which no later rival has had the power nor, we may add, the ambition seriously to set aside. For many years engaged in drawing up reports for the *Agricultural Journal*, as well as being from the first connected with Dr. Lindley in the compilation of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, Mr. Curtis found himself prepared with ample data relating to the subject when he was invited by the Royal Agricultural Society not long after its foundation to prepare a series of reports upon the insects affecting the various crops cultivated in Great Britain and Ireland. One main cause of the difficulty in obtaining correct information on the forms of insect life that ravaged our crops was found in the circumstance of the papers which treated of such matters being scattered through rare and expensive works, often written in foreign languages. Twenty years of labour among foreign as well as domestic sources of knowledge qualified Mr. Curtis for the task of giving in detail the history and habits of the insects injurious to our turnip, corn, and other crops, explaining the transformations they undergo in their several stages, from the egg to the perfect state, whether beetle, moth, or fly; with the addition of whatever remedies for suppressing or checking the ravages of insects obnoxious to the farmer have been discussed or found practically effective. *Farm Insects*, in which he gave an exhaustive account of the natural history and economy of these pests of the vegetable world, with suggestions for their destruction, was accepted at once as the standard work upon the subject, and has for five-and-thirty years kept its place as the indispensable book of reference for every practical farmer and country gentleman. As it has been for some time out of print, a reissue of the book will be looked upon as a boon not only by this class of readers, but by all who take an intelligent interest in natural history, as well as in the economic bearings of field labour. Although we could have wished to see it so far remodelled as to incorporate the more important gains to science that have resulted from the labours of our entomologists during the intervening period, we cannot withhold our concurrence with the publisher's advertisement that the present reprint needs no apology, it being in the opinion of leading authorities fairly exhaustive of the subject, and both in its arrangement of matter and style of treatment leaving little to be desired. The original steel plates, which are exquisite specimens of the art of the graver, retain all their freshness and beauty, and the impressions coloured by hand add appreciably from an artistic no less than from a scientific point of view to the value of the book.

No crop is infested by a more varied or destructive array of enemies than the turnip. A picture is drawn by Mr. Curtis which may well appal the heart of an intending agriculturist. "First the ants run off with an incredible quantity of the seeds. Then come two sorts of turnip-fly, the striped and the brassy, which destroy the tender leaves as soon as they burst from the ground. At the same time, we have the maggot of a fly and the wire-worm both living upon the young roots, and also a large caterpillar or grub when they are more advanced. Then follow armies of black caterpillars, reducing the leaves to skeletons, and the blight of the plant-louse, together with a minute moth, to which we may add also a couple of weevils, which cause the lumps or excrescences on the bulbs, with slugs, snails, and mildew bringing up the rear." The natural history of each of these pests of the turnip-fly is discussed in a succession of chapters, beginning with the saw-fly and its black caterpillar, under various vernacular names of evil omen, as Black Jack, Black Palmer, Black Canker, &c., swarms of which have been known to be wafted to our eastern coasts from no less a distance than Norway, or, as surmised by some authorities, from Russia, darkening the air and lying two inches thick upon the ground. It is not to be confused with the turnip-beetle, which belongs to the order of Coleoptera, the saw-fly being included among the Hymenoptera. Of this order there is an extensive family called Tenthredinidae, made up of several genera, one of which is termed *Athalia*, comprising six or seven species, natives of Great Britain. To this genus belongs our turnip-fly, named by Fabricius *Athalia spinarum*. Its anatomy and stages of development are graphically depicted in Plate B, as well as in clearly drawn woodcuts inserted in the text, by aid of which the agriculturist need have little difficulty in detecting the presence of the enemy on leaf or bulb.

Not so common or so destructive among the saw-flies, and not observed by any English entomologist before Curtis, though made known by M. Dugaigneau, a skilful agriculturist of the department of the Loire, in the year 1819, is *Cephus pygmaeus*, the Corn Saw-fly (Plate I.) The currant, the gooseberry, the pine leaf, and even grass have their several enemies among the saw-flies. Other species, as *Tenthredo scrophulariæ*, *T. viridis*, and others, are not satisfied with vegetable food, but prey upon soft-bodied insects, and will even attack the Telephori, the larvae being phytivorous, the imago insectivorous. Further infestors of turnip crops are plant-lice, maggots of divers flies, caterpillars of moths, wire-worms, and the click-beetles they produce, the last-named enemy being the most fatal to the farmer's prospects and the most difficult to overcome, their ravages extending to corn crops, potatoes, cabbages, and the roots and stems of flowers. The general reader may be surprised to learn that there are nearly seventy species of beetles in this country which are the parents of

* *Farm Insects; being the Natural History and Economy of the Insects injurious to the Field Crops of Great Britain and Ireland, and also those which infest Barns and Granaries, with Suggestions for their Destruction.* By John Curtis, F.L.S., Hon. Member of the Ashmolean Society of Oxford, &c. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. London: J. Van Voorst. 1883.

Guide to Methods of Insect Life, and Prevention and Remedy of Insect Ravages; being ten Lectures. By Eleanor A. Ormerod, F.R.Met.Soc. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

wire-worms. Not more than eleven of these species, however, are held by Mr. Curtis to demand attention. They belong to the order Coleoptera, forming the family Elateridae and the genus *Elater* of Linnaeus, which has been divided into several others by more recent naturalists. Their characteristic difference of structure, function, and habit will be readily made out by the aid of Mr. Curtis's clear descriptions and delineations. As to the means of coping with these and the other multitudinous pests of the farmstead and the garden, it can hardly be said that the resources of science are such as to encourage a very lively degree of hope. Every suggestion that seemed intrinsically plausible or that had to any fair extent the voucher of experience has its place in Mr. Curtis's pages; but he is too cautious to commit himself to any specific nostrum, either of the chemical laboratory or of any artificial agency soever. With all the advances made since his time by the aid of our agricultural colleges or by the researches and practical trials of experts, we are far from seeing our way to a code of rules which may keep the agriculturist safe from the invasion of insect pests or rid him of them when they have settled upon his crops. Efficacious as many a remedy may be found when brought to bear as an isolated experiment or within limited conditions, the difficulty of applying it on a wide scale or under varying circumstances of soil and climate may prove in practice insuperable. Nitrate of soda, chloride of lime, refuse of gas-works, salt, soot, alcohol, petroleum, may be each and all sovereign cures, can they only be brought to bear upon the insidious swarms of the enemy with wide enough range and without ruinous expense. Hand-picking, upon which our author most confidently relies against such pests as the wire-worm, has become subject to the embarrassment that the boys and girls on whose eyes and fingers he counted will be at the present hour preoccupied with the first or second standard in the Board school, whilst women's work has doubtless risen in the industrial market to a grade above that of gathering grubs and maggots. It is in the realm of animal life that the farmer and the gardener may most hopefully look for his saving friends. The robin, the wag-tail, the blackbird, the thrush, and other small birds with a list of which the schedule under the Protection Act has made us familiar, turkeys, ducks, and fowls, above all the patient rook, will be found his most trustworthy allies. Aphides and other parasites which form the nemesis of these enemies of man's well-being may be encouraged in their withering powers of propagation. The alternation of crops is to be carefully studied. White mustard seed, for instance, the acrid roots of which appear to be too much for the wire-worm, may be sown with effect for a season in place of the corn or turnip crops. Practical hints of this kind, too numerous for us to particularize, make Mr. Curtis's pages as useful a manual for the agriculturist as he can place for reference upon his bookshelf.

Miss Ormerod's devotion to the study of insect life, her unflagging industry in collecting materials, and her unmistakable talent for putting into a popular form the results of scientific research, invest all she writes with an interest and a value which even experts will be prompt to recognize; her reports and addresses forming a welcome auxiliary to labours of a more original kind, and on a scale of more imposing magnitude. Without pretending to high rank as a primary investigator of nature, her assiduity and her aptitude for accumulating and imparting knowledge have won her a recognized position in the eyes of the public as Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, and Special Lecturer on Economic Entomology at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. Ten lectures lately delivered for the Institute of Agriculture have been made up into a handy little *Guide to Methods of Insect Life*, with hints for the prevention and cure of insect ravage. Preferring common English terms to technical language, she makes herself intelligible to readers of ordinary capacity, condensing into the briefest form the results of wide and accurate study. Besides the writings of Curtis, many of whose woodcuts she has had permission to borrow, she here acknowledges obligations to Messrs. Newman, Westwood, Buckton, Rye, and other leading students of entomology, as well as to Dr. J. R. Schiner's *Fauna Austriaca* and the Reports of Professor J. H. Comstock, of Cornell University, U.S.A. We know no book at all comparable with it in size that we can more confidently recommend to beginners as an introduction to the study of insect life, whether as a branch of natural history or as an element in rural economy.

SOME AMERICAN BOOKS.

WE have already remarked the extreme fulness, completeness, and minuteness characteristic of the American Census. The Reports of 1880 are not yet apparently by any means complete. It would seem that at least one-half the decennial period must be expected to elapse before the enormous mass of figures, collected in the course of a few weeks or months with amazing pains and still more amazing facility and accuracy from so vast an area, can be arranged, summarized, digested, studied, and their bearing explained by the various officers of the department entrusted with this laborious task. Each quarto volume contains several hundred pages, the two before us nine hundred and eleven hundred respectively. The volumes before us are nominally the third and fourth; but these are by no means the only documents in which the special results of the Census have been embodied.

Vol. III. deals with the Agriculture of the United States (1), and specially with cereals and tobacco. It contains no fewer than seven-teen maps, showing the distribution of the culture of tobacco, grain in general, wheat, Indian corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, the comparative yield per acre and per capita; as well as a number of plates illustrating a detailed description of an improved flour-mill of the latest type. The total number of farms in the United States in 1870 was 2,660,000; in 1880 it amounted to almost exactly four millions. This total, it would seem, is the number of farms in private ownership, and does not embrace the large areas of public land held under what is called the *ranch* system—that is, it is exclusive of the great cattle and sheep farms of Texas, Dacotah, and other States and Territories, which form so interesting and important an element of American farming industry. It includes Southern "plantations," but no garden, or holding less than three acres, unless at least 500 dollars' worth of produce has been sold off from it during the year. The largest numbers of farms are, as might be expected, found in Illinois, Ohio, New York, Missouri, and Pennsylvania, the first of which has 256,000, the last 213,000. Of the Southern States, Texas has 174,000; Kentucky and Tennessee about 166,000 each; California scarcely 36,000. The average acreage of the farms, including both improved and unimproved land, is 134; the total area 536 millions of acres, out of an entire land surface estimated at 1,856 millions. In many of the older, and especially of the prairie States, Illinois and Indiana for example, nearly the whole territory, probably almost every acre of available land, is if not under tillage already appropriated and occupied in farms; while in Missouri the proportion is but 28 out of 44 millions; in Maine 64 out of 19, and in California less than 17 out of 100 millions of acres. It is calculated that out of 10,000 farms, nearly three-fourths are cultivated by their owners, 800 let for a fixed money rental, and 1,750 for a share of the produce. Of the whole farmland of the United States, 223 millions of acres are under tillage, nearly 62 millions are permanent pastures, orchards, or vineyards; and 251 millions consist of woodland or other unimproved land, including reclaimed land which has been allowed to relapse. Incomparably the largest cereal crop is that of Indian corn, amounting to 1,750 million bushels; next comes that of wheat, 460, and that of oats, 407 millions. The total cotton crop of 1880 is estimated at about 5½ million bales, raised from about 14½ millions of acres; to which Mississippi contributed 963,000, and Georgia and Texas over 800,000 bales a-piece. Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky are Cotton States in scarcely more than name. On the other hand, Kentucky raised no less than 171 million pounds of tobacco; Virginia 80; and Pennsylvania, the third State on the list, only 37 million. The acreage under hay, now given for the first time, exceeds 30 millions. The hay harvest of 1879 amounted to no less than 37 millions of tons, as against 27 in 1869, and 19 in 1859. The number of horses, mules, and asses increased from about 8½ millions in 1870 to somewhat over 12 millions in 1880; that of milch cows from about 9 to about 12½ millions; that of other cattle from 13½ to 22½, of sheep from 28½ to 35, and of swine from 25 to 47½ millions. It is noteworthy that the number of the latter, less than that of sheep by more than three millions in the former period, now equals that of sheep and milch cows together. It is a yet more striking fact, however, that the total estimated value of the live stock was nominally about the same at both periods, though the number had increased so greatly. Both in 1870 and 1880 the entire live farm stock of the United States was estimated at about 1,500 millions of dollars. Allowing fully for the inflation of paper money at the former period, this would imply a real increase of possibly 20 to 25 per cent., exactly the calculated increase in the value of the farms themselves. It is evident, then, that the average value both of farm land and stock has considerably fallen, though allowance must be made, of course, for a somewhat greater proportion of unimproved, or partially improved, land at the later date. Vol. IV. gives the statistics of American Railroads (2); a total mileage of somewhat less than 88,000, under the management of 631 Companies. An average dividend of 2.70 per cent. upon the nominal capital, with interest at an average of 5½ on the funded debt, indicates a period of depression. The total number of railway stockholders is supposed to reach 300,000, with an average holding of about 8,700 dollars apiece. Two hundred and ninety millions of tons were carried on an average 111 miles, at a cost of three-quarters of a cent per ton per mile; 270 million passengers were carried an average distance of 21 miles at a cost of about 1½ cent. The net receipts were 0.53 cent per ton per mile, and 0.8 cent per passenger per mile. The number of killed and injured is alarmingly large. In the course of the twelve months 2,541 persons lost their lives, 5,674 were more or less seriously injured, on the railways of the United States. The Companies, indeed, affirm that only 364 were killed and 1,438 injured through causes beyond their own control. A closer examination of the figures shows that what are almost exclusively known as "railway accidents" in this country caused the smallest part of this terrible "butcher's bill." The number of passengers killed was 143, that of employees 923; while 1,475 "others"—neither passengers nor railway servants—were killed on the lines. No one who has travelled on American railroads will be at a loss to understand the meaning of these figures.

(1) Department of the Interior, Census Office—Report on the Productions of Agriculture as returned at the Tenth Census (June 1, 1880).

(2) Report on the Agencies of Transportation in the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Collisions are not more frequent than in this country; probably, on the whole, much less so; while accidents through the fall of bridges, defective rails and engines are of course more common, American railways being much more lightly constructed, and the trains travelling on an average at perhaps half the English rate. But lines running without fence or protection, not only through woods, prairies, and farms, but through the streets of villages and even of cities, are a source of peril to the community at large, such as in this crowded country could not be tolerated for a moment. It is a significant fact that, while the total number of injured is more than double the number of killed, while nearly four passengers and employes are injured for each one slain outright, the number of others killed and injured respectively is exactly equal. Naturally half at least of the men, women, or children run over by a train are mortally hurt.

Mr. Wiebe's manual of the Kindergarten system (3) is an exceedingly convenient and practical description of the principles, methods, and mechanism of the Kindergarten proper. With this in hand any parent or governess could procure without difficulty the very simple apparatus required for the object lessons in their due order; and, understanding the spirit and meaning of the system, would find no difficulty in carrying it out literally, or varying it as experience might suggest.

Dr. Hague's essay upon Emerson (4) contains some personal details regarding the mystagogue's earlier years, ministerial career, and severance from the Church, not uninteresting to those who have been attracted and not repelled by Mr. Emerson's own writings. The argumentative account of the Emersonian philosophy is less entertaining, and perhaps not much more instructive.

We can do no more than call attention to the papers of the Education Bureau (5), among which is reprinted the Report of the Director of the American School at Athens (6); as also to the *Eighth Annual Report of the Johns Hopkins University* (7) at Baltimore.

RECENT MUSIC.

THE suggestion which must very often before have presented itself to musical editors and publishers, and which, at any rate, was very forcibly presented not very long ago by Mr. J. F. Crowest in a little book entitled *Phases of Musical England*, in favour of a so-called performing edition of oratorios and other classical works, has at last been rendered practical by the London Musical Publishing and General Agency Company, who have secured the invaluable services of no less an editor than Sir George Macfarren. The Performing Edition of Handel's *Messiah*, now lying before us, meets nearly all the objections which have been urged against the many versions of the immortal work which have hitherto been laid before the public. It is almost needless to state that the *Messiah* as written, and the *Messiah* as usually performed, differ in very material points; but it is not so generally known that until lately hardly a copy of the oratorio could be obtained which accurately represented the notes which were sung at a performance. Mr. Crowest, in the little book above referred to, after having admitted that it was a great boon to be able to possess a copy of Handel's *Messiah* at a cheap price, says with truth of his copy, "It is not printed as sung; it is not wholly Handel's music; the text as allotted to the music is often nonsense; neither is it printed in the way it should be played," referring of course to the pianoforte edition. He then proceeds to give various examples in support of his charges which we are bound to acknowledge he fully proves. The first and the last of Mr. Crowest's complaints are completely satisfied in this "Performing Edition," for the variations of rendering, especially in connexion with the use of the *appoggiatura* instead of the reduplicated note, are indicated in a smaller staff above the passages where they occur, and the chords accompanying recitatives here stand at the point in the bar at which they are to be played, making it now almost impossible for an inexperienced accompanist to render a singer's efforts futile. With regard to the two other charges, we think that even Mr. Crowest will acknowledge that much (perhaps some purists may say too much) has been done to meet his views. To demand that the music should be wholly Handel's is certainly too exacting, seeing that the composer, as is well known, left the score in a very incomplete state, so incomplete indeed that the accompaniments we now listen to are largely due to the pen of Mozart, but at the same time we do think that the text as allotted to the music in some instances would be the better for careful editing. Sir George Macfarren has not hesitated in some of the more evident cases to exercise the powers of editor, and in the air "He shall feed His flock" has suggested, for the correction stands printed above the passage, an alteration which will commend itself to all who have noticed the awkwardness consequent upon

the position of the words with which it opens. Strange to say, however, he has passed by the absurd effect which is produced by the rest after the word "Behold" in the air "Behold and see," and which he would have been perfectly justified in altering, as few singers sing the piece as it is written. "The pianoforte arrangement of the instrumental accompaniments," the editor tells us, "has been a delicate and difficult task"—a task which all who know Sir G. Macfarren's reverential love for the music of the great master will not be surprised to hear is accomplished with consummate skill and learning. To have attempted to give all Mozart's beautiful orchestral effects, or Handel's extraordinary contrapuntal figures, would have resulted in failure in a work intended for practical purposes, and indeed it may well be doubted if it were possible to do so in a pianoforte arrangement; but enough has been retained or indicated to give a very faithful impression of the original accompaniments without making them troublesome to play or obtrusive in effect. The editor has done something also to preserve the original, or at any rate the now accepted, tempi of the movements, by adding a metronomic indication to each, a deed which will deserve the gratitude of posterity, even if it is resented by the somewhat reckless innovators of the present day. Those numbers which are generally omitted in performance are to be found in an appendix at the end of this edition, and the markings of *piano* and *forte* so scantily vouchsafed in the original are modestly supplied by the editor enclosed in brackets, which, considering the authority from which they emanate, will command the attention which is due to them, while the admirable "Historical and Analytical Preface" will be of the greatest value to all earnest students of the work. The "Performing Edition" of the *Messiah* certainly supplies a want which has long been felt, and we think that we do not err in recommending it as perhaps the most useful of the many editions which have hitherto appeared.

Messrs. W. Morley & Co. have sent us a parcel of miscellaneous music of more than usual interest. If *Morley's Organ Journal*, the first three numbers of which lie before us, continues its career in the manner in which it has begun, its success amongst organists may be considered as certain, and under the editorship of so energetic a musician as Mr. Humphrey J. Stark, we may be sure that the standard of excellence will not be allowed to sink. "A Prayer" and "Festival March" from the pen of the editor constitute the first part, and both will be found to be taking and musicianly pieces of work. The second part contains a very clever arrangement of a "Largo" by Handel, and a well-known gavotte by Gluck, while the third part is taken up with a "Fantasia" of rare beauty, in D minor, also by the editor. We have not for some time met with a piece of organ music which has pleased us so much as this work, and we can safely recommend it to all who can appreciate a thoughtful and thoroughly artistic composition. It is divided into three movements, an "allegro moderato," which serves as an introduction to a most charming "adagio molto" in D major, and followed by a finale "allegro vivace," full of vigour, which itself ends "andante molto maestoso," a few grand chords accompanied by a stately pedal bass, which is very effective. Number Five of *Morley's Voluntaries* is a collection of short and easy pieces for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, composed by Dr. Charles J. Frost, and fully sustains the credit which the former numbers have achieved, while *Morley's Album of Duets for the Violin and Piano*, by Mr. Arthur Carnall, will be welcome to that large number of amateurs who are at a loss to find easy, and at the same time artistic and melodious compositions for performance. Another collection issued by Messrs. W. Morley & Co. is their *Part-Song Journal*, edited by Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott. The numbers before us are adaptations for choirs of favourite songs by Messrs. F. H. Cowen, Henry Pontet, and Odoardo Barri, all of which are very ingeniously treated and do not appear to lose any of their interest in the new dress which they have here assumed. Amongst the songs from the same publisher we find two by Mr. Theo Bonheur, entitled respectively "The Red Scarf" and "Lassie," both effective in their way and deserving of success; and "Thine," a pleasing ballad by Mrs. Emily Phillips, to which she has added a cleverly written violoncello obbligato which adds greatly to its effect. Mr. Michael Watson is represented by two songs, "Our Guards," a spirited martial lay, and "The Harvest Moon," a delicate song with much freshness of melody and graceful simplicity; and Mr. Thomas Hutchison, whose work is always good, by "Shall we meet again," a song which deserves to become as popular as his other successful compositions. Two well-known songs, "The Children's Home," by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and "Laddie," by Signor Ciro Pinsuti, now appear as duets, arranged with much success by Mr. A. J. Caldicott; and "Laddie," in yet another form, as a pianoforte piece, by Mr. Boyton Smith, proclaims the favour it has attained with the public. A pretty waltz called "My Lady," by Mr. Theo Bonheur, which will doubtless be heard in many a ball-room this season, closes our list.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. TAINE, in a brief preface to the extremely interesting Correspondence of Mallet du Pan which M. André Michel has published (1), remarks, with justice, on the very scanty use

(1) *Correspondance inédite de Mallet du Pan avec la Cour de Vienne (1794-1798)*. Par A. Michel. Avec une préface de H. Taine. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

(3) *The Paradise of Childhood: Guide to Kindergarten*. By Edward Wiebe. Springfield, Massachusetts: Milton, Bradley, & Co.

(4) *Ralph Waldo Emerson; with Afterthoughts*. By William Hague, D.D. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

(5) *Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education—Education in Italy and Greece; the Bufalini Prize; Circulars of Information*, Nos. 1 and 4. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1884.

(6) *Bulletin of the School of Classical Studies at Athens*. 1. Report of W. W. Goodwin, Director of the School in 1882-1883. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.

(7) *Eighth Annual Report of the President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland*. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

which historians of the Revolution have, for the most part, made of the invaluable materials of the Swiss journalist. There is this excuse for them, that the most valuable portion of Mallet du Pan's work was practically unknown till thirty years ago, and was then published only in part. Mallet du Pan was undoubtedly one of the most considerable of contemporary authorities; though he was one of a class which neither at the time nor afterwards is wont to find favour with partisans. He was a Whig in the best sense of the word, and equally opposed to the blind destructiveness of what used to be called the Revolutionary, and is now called the Radical, party, and to the blind refusal to recognize facts of the extreme Royalists of his time. The present fresh instalment of his work consists of letters on the state of French affairs, sent weekly from Berne to the Emperor at Vienna, from the end of 1794 to the period of the annexation of Switzerland by France, in 1798. At that time the revolutionary authorities showed their sense of the writer's powers and their appreciation of the principles of liberty by expressly outlawing him. He fled to England, the only place, as he wrote to the Abbé de Pradt, "where a man is allowed to act, think, write, and speak," edited the *Mercur Britannique* for two years, and died in 1800. The present volumes, as their dates will have already informed the reader, do not deal with the period of internal excess and crime. They have to do with that of internal corruption and external violence. Extremely well informed in matters of fact, Mallet du Pan brought to the task of conveying his information a clear conception of the general political situation and a faculty of writing, not indeed very elegantly, but with a rough incisive vigour which is extremely effective. His remarks on the moral of the luckless Quiberon expedition, in the first of these volumes, show a very uncommon political capacity, and deserve to be read by every Englishman who wishes to understand the reason of the failure of successive well-intentioned English Ministries to crush the revolutionary spirit by the awkward methods pursued from the 1st of June to Maida, if not later. Isolated sentences and judgments of his, moreover, bear the same marks of insight. "Quant à la conjuration de Babeuf," says he, speaking of the event in which our modern Socialist teachers see the first dawn of true anarchic wisdom, and genuine cooperative economy, "elle était plutôt le prospectus d'un complot à faire qu'un complot déjà formé." His character, or, as the seventeenth century would have said, "portrait," of Barras is also very happy. Barras, he says, among other things, "n'est point sans espoir de gouverner seul; son règne durerait trois mois, mais il régnerait"—a sentence which is not only neatly phrased, but contains by anticipation a decisive criticism of French politics for eighty years as we know, for how much longer we can only guess. It would be possible, of course, to detect in his book some doubtful explanations, some falsified prophecies, and perhaps some misstated facts; these were inevitable under the circumstances. But (as M. Taine has very well pointed out, and as any one who adopts the useful plan of reading the book before reading M. Taine's introduction may see for himself) his great value is in the manner, at once precise and large, in which he estimates and gauges the current of public opinion and the tendency of current events. One is sometimes tempted to think that the multiplication of the organs of public opinion has resulted in a lamentable falling off as regards the clearness and trustworthiness of their expression. There are so many that each writer for the most part resigns himself to the expression of a very small part of opinion, even if he takes the trouble to do anything more than simply write after the event (as he might have written before it, and with equal conviction and importance, that Mr. A. pulverized Mr. B. and all the country sympathized) or that Mr. B. staggered Mr. A. and all the country applauded. Mallet du Pan never falls into this *boîte à quatre sous* of the lower journalism. Moreover, his book is particularly valuable at the present day when the lessons of the French Revolution, which were always present to our fathers, are being pronounced out of date, if they are not altogether read backwards. He represents, and rightly represents, "sensible people" as hostile to revolutionary extravagance. But he never commits the fault, too common nowadays, of supposing that the dislike of sensible people will, of itself, suffice to counterbalance the support of people who are not sensible. His book is worth the attention of all politicians, and we cannot refrain from quoting one sentence of M. Taine's eloquent preface:—

Sur les jacobins, notamment, il revient à vingt reprises; c'est qu'ils sont la faction active et dominante; personne, sauf Burke, n'a si parfaitement compris leur fanatisme, leurs instincts et leurs procédés de sectaires, l'enchaînement de leurs dogmes, leur ascendant sur les esprits incultes ou mal cultivés, la force de leur propagande, la puissance et la malfaisance de leur rêve, leur aptitude à détruire, leur incapacité pour construire, leur appel aux passions dissolvantes et meurtrières, le mécanisme interne par lequel leur doctrine transforme un demi-lettré ou un artisan utile en un "philosophe à pique," et le conduit de l'ignorance à la présomption, de l'enthousiasme au crime, en lui persuadant qu'il sauve la patrie et qu'il régénère l'humanité.

"Pretty much like anything we know nowadays, Mr. Rigmoré?"

M. Schuré has read the *Légende des Siècles* very carefully (which does him credit), and has succeeded in reproducing the more reproducible parts of his master's manner with some cleverness in *La légende de l'Alsace* (2). Unfortunately the substantive interest of the book, which it is hardly necessary to say is ardently patriotic and suasive of *revanche*, is not very great. We think we

(2) *La légende de l'Alsace*. Par E. Schuré. Paris: Charpentier.

like Thomas Ingoldsby's legend of Sainte Odile better than M. Schuré's. Now if M. Victor Hugo had treated any of Barham's subjects (we do not remember that he has), we do not think we should have thought much of Ingoldsby in reading that *legende*.

The volume for 1883 of MM. Noël and Stoullig's useful theatrical and musical annals (3) needs in itself only mention. The preface (by M. Ch. Garnier, and devoted to first-nighters and their defence) is somewhat less interesting than some of those prefixed to earlier volumes.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Americans, like ourselves, have their great ship question, only in a somewhat different form. With us the difficulty is to make sure that our constantly increasing vessels are properly seaworthy. With them it is to prevent their merchant marine from disappearing altogether. There are few more astonishing things in the history of trade than the sudden decadence of the American merchant marine. It trod close on our heels till after 1850, and then began to wither. Lieutenant Kelley, of the U.S. Navy, gives the history of this decline and fall, and suggests remedies, in his book on *The Question of Ships* (1). He has rather a weakness for sonorous rhetoric; but he states the case with force, and the remedies he suggests are good as far as they go. He does not say that America should give up Protection for the shipbuilder, but he justly thinks that it ought to protect less. If shipowners were allowed to buy iron vessels of over a certain tonnage, and to import all kinds of material free of duty, Lieutenant Kelley thinks that the industry might revive. He may be mistaken; but there can be no doubt that the stringent registry laws have done much to depress American shipping. For the English reader perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the chapter on the training of seamen.

Among the Clouds (2) is not an encouraging title. It suggests ponderous attempts at being funny, and the Town Mouse justifies the fears. He has apparently no particular knowledge of country life, which is, after all, useful when you are going to write about it, and he takes what may be called the stock cockney view. For the rest, the book is padded out by a number of stories, each rather duller than the other, by mere force of the author's straining after extravagance, and there is a dreadfully tiresome comic American who is always telling tales.

The title chosen by Mr. Hazlitt for his volume of essays is a trifle misleading. *Offspring of Thought in Solitude* (3) looks like a heading for a new system of philosophy, or yet another religion. The author does not fly so high. His volume is a collection of twenty-seven essays ranging from "Coleridge Abroad" to "A Cause Célèbre." They are made up out of the more or less curious facts which have come under Mr. Hazlitt's notice in the course of his reading. Even when he has a good subject for a discussion of principles, as in the ninth essay on "The Differences of Writing and Painting" (it sounds like the title of a new Laocoon), he keeps steadily to details.

Mr. Hill excuses himself for publishing his essay on *The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade* (4) on the sufficient ground that it was a case of *force majeure*. The essay won the Maitland Prize, and by the terms of that foundation was bound to be published. In our opinion no excuse was needed. Mr. Hill gives a useful sketch of his subject, and if he takes, what we in spite of his argument still think, a mistaken view of the opium trade, he does it without denouncing everybody who differs from him as a heartless corruptor.

Mr. Prothero has edited a translation of the first volume of the *Universal History* (5), the last work of the indefatigable Leopold von Ranke. It has been executed partly by himself and partly by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, Assistant Master at Eton, and has every appearance of being thorough and scholarly. It is at least free from German idioms.

We have received a copy of Mr. F. Russell Forbes's handbook to the *Roman Catacombs: their true History, and Records of Early Christian Art* (6). It is compact, well printed, and copiously illustrated with clear woodcuts.

A *Practical Guide to Photography* (7) is a book which only a specialist can fairly criticize. As far as we can judge, Messrs. Marion & Co. have supplied the amateur and beginner with a clear and useful guide.

Surely Florida is the best written-up of all American States. The Columbia County Immigration Association at Lake City,

(3) *Les annales du théâtre et de la musique*. Par E. Noël et E. Stoullig. Paris: Charpentier.

(1) *The Question of Ships: the Navy and the Merchant Marine*. By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieut. U.S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

(2) *Among the Clouds; or, Phases of Farm Life as seen by a Town Mouse*. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

(3) *Offspring of Thought in Solitude*. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner. 1884.

(4) *The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade*. By J. Spencer Hill, M.A. London: Henry Frowde. 1884.

(5) *Universal History—The Oldest Group of Nations and the Greeks*. By Leopold von Ranke. Edited by G. W. Prothero. London: Kegan Paul, French, & Co. 1884.

(6) *The Roman Catacombs*. By F. Russell Forbes. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons. 1884.

(7) *Practical Guide to Photography*. By Marion & Co. London: Marion & Co. 1884.

Florida (8), publish an enticing account of the climate, soil, health, and general advantages of their district.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. publish two more of their neat-looking books on games. One is *Piquet and Cribbage* (9); the other is on the "new game with cards and dice" called "Norseman" (10). Both are done by "Aquarius." It is a pity that such pretty little books should have such gritty covers.

The reprint of *Walden* (11), published by David Douglas at Edinburgh, is handy and well printed. Mrs. E. Kennard's sporting novel, *The Right Sort* (12), appears in a one-volume edition in a red cover, with a thrilling picture on it.

The Rev. H. P. Owen Smith's *Short Table* (13) is a thin notebook duly ruled and divided with headings wherein the student may make his notes of Greek and Roman history, their wars and battles, political events, and important persons.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish a *Shilling Knightage* (14) as companion volume to their *Peerage and Baronetage*. It includes an essay on Knighthood by the editor, Mr. E. Walford, M.A.

We need only mention the appearance of the twenty-seventh edition of *Ingall's Foreign Stock Manual* (15), and of the fourth edition of Mr. Kemp's *Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing* (16).

(8) *Columbia County, Florida*. Issued by the Columbia County Immigration Association. Jacksonville, Florida: Horace Drew.

(9) *Piquet and Cribbage*. By "Aquarius." London: Allen & Co.

(10) *Norseman*. By "Aquarius." London: Allen & Co.

(11) *Walden*. By Henry D. Thoreau. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

(12) *The Right Sort*. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(13) *A Short Table of the Principal Events and Dates in Roman and Greek History*. By Rev. H. P. Owen Smith, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

(14) *The Shilling Knightage for 1884*. By Edward Walford, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(15) *Ingall's Foreign Stock Manual*, 1883. London: Effingham Wilson.

(16) *A Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing*. By Dixon Kemp. London: Horace Cox, "The Field" Office. 1884.

We have received in reference and apparently in reply to the article on "A New Defoe" (*SATURDAY REVIEW*, p. 438), a revised and much more definite Prospectus from Messrs. Bickers & Son. It appears that the Periodical Works are not to be included, and the word "complete" has been dropped; but the edition is to extend to Twenty-two volumes, and to contain some miscellaneous matter not hitherto reprinted. Bibliographical and other introductions are promised; but we still do not observe any mention of the running commentary in explanation of words, allusions, &c., which Defoe especially needs. On the other hand, the name of the editor, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, is now given, and Mr. Wheatley's former work in connexion with Pepys and other classics supplies good ground for hoping that his edition will be as satisfactory as its limits permit.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,489, MAY 10, 1884.

Egypt.
Morning Sittings. Our Old Friend Chauvin.
The Peers on the Lunacy Laws. The Annexation of Sarakhs.
Political Organization. The American Presidency.
Debates on the Army. Lord Randolph Churchill.
The Deceased Wife's Sister Resolution.
The Parks.
Sea-Fishing.
The Consolation of Newspapers. Bossuet.
Milking Telegrams. Mr. Henry Irving's American Tour.
Archæology at Cambridge. Prince Kung.
The Picture Galleries—II. The Oriental Bank Failure.
"The Rivals" at the Haymarket—"Devotion" at the Court.
Newmarket First Spring Meeting.
The Italian Opera—Mr. Carl Rosa's Season.

Sibbald's Inferno of Dante.
Three Novels and Another. Quakerism.
Six Centuries of Work and Wages.
Holmes's History of the Indian Mutiny. The Gold-headed Cane.
Economic Entomology. Some American Books.
Recent Music. French Literature.
New Books and Reprints.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,488, MAY 3, 1884:

Egypt—The Report of the Crofters' Commission—Income-Tax Reform—The Franchise Bill—Ghosts Again—The Budget—Foreign Opinion on Egypt—Cremation at Westminster—The Great Conspiracy—The Wellington Statue.
Coasting and Tobogganing—Leo XIII. on the Freemasons—The New York Theatres—School Board Grievances, Real and False—The Picture Galleries, I.—Volunteering—Concerts and Entertainments—Sugar—Sir Michael Costa—The Two Thousand Guinea—*The Canterbury Pilgrims*; the Operas.
General Gordon's Book—Binko's Blues—Fortunes Made in Business—Four Novels—Colonel Lumden's Beowulf—Portraits of Places and other Books of Travel—Recent Verse—Westcott's Epistles of St. John—Medical Books—Recent Music—French Literature—New Books and Reprints.

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THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM. The PROFESSORSHIP of the FRENCH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE in this College will shortly VACATE. Stipend, £100 per annum, plus two-thirds of the fees from Day Students, and the whole of the fees from Evening Students. The successful Candidate will be expected to enter on his duties on October 1 next. Applications should be sent to the undersigned, on or before June 3 next. Candidates are especially requested to obtain from examining. Further particulars may be obtained from GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, May 1884.—FOURTEEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £20 to £25 a year, together with Four Council Nominations (giving immediate admission), will be COMPETED for in June Next. One of these Scholarships (£20) is confined to Candidates not yet members of the School; the rest are open to members of the School and others without distinction; two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from 11 to 16.—Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELWICK, the College, Marlborough.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS in Natural Science, of the value of £100 and £20, are awarded annually in October at ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Albert Embankment, S.E.—For particulars, apply to G. RENDLE, Medical Secretary. W. M. ORD, Dean.

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RADLEY COLLEGE.—ELECTION to SIX SCHOLARSHIPS. four of £20, one of £30, one of £20, on June 20. For Boys under Fourteen on January 1, 1884.—For further particulars, apply to THE REV. THE WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

TO SMITHS and Others.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, May 20, 1884, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders from persons willing to execute such Smiths' Work as may be required by the said Commissioners to be done within this City for the term of Three years, from June 30 next. A Specification of the required Works may be seen at this Office. Security will be required for the due performance of the contract. Tenders must be sealed, and endorsed "Tender for Smiths' Work," and be delivered to the undersigned before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty. The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and the party whose tender is accepted will be required to sign an agreement to execute a Contract drawn up in accordance with the Specification. HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk. Sewers' Office, Guildhall, April 1884.

FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, City of London.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, June 10, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for taking on Building Leases for a term of 99 years, Two Plots of very valuable Freehold Ground situate in Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane. Further particulars, with Conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application to this Office, where plans of the ground may also be seen. The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal. Persons making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute agreement and bond at the same time. Proposals must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Bream's Buildings," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty. HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk. Sewers' Office, Guildhall, April 29, 1884.

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